

# The Meaning of Life

# Esquire

Man's Best

January 2004

## DAMN GOOD ADVICE FROM...

Superheroes,  
Supermodels,  
Big Shots, and  
Heavyweights

Oh, yeah,  
and Jack

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A Quick  
Trip to Mars  
The Best  
Books of  
2003

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About 2004

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what has become known? "Vodka through the prism of a  
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ON THE COVER: JACK PITTALUGA photographed exclusively for *Entertainment Weekly* by STEPHEN STICKLER; DESIGN BY JENNIFER MURRAY; STYLING: HEATHER VANCE; HAIR AND MAKEUP: MICHAEL SIEBEL; COSTUME: ROBIN COLEMAN; SHIRT: THE RAIL; JEANS: THE RAIL; PRINTED SOUVENIR BY RAJAT KHAN

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD CORBETT

JANUARY 2004 | **ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY** 3



PATEK PHILIPPE  
GENEVE  
Begin your own tradition.

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## Style

The beauty and utility of  
crocodile-skin style. Jude Law's remake of the  
Michael Caine classic *Alfie* inspires a new mod  
wave. Matching vivid stripes and patterned ties,  
though never easy, is worth the effort; prepare  
with our instructive quiz (**The Guide**, page  
**30**). Esquire chooses three young writers in need  
of a new wardrobe and gives them three completely  
updated looks: deal-closing business modern,  
downtown chic, and weekend casual (**New Year's  
Revolution**, page 100).

Photo: ROBERT KAPIN  
Cover photo: STEPHEN STICKLER  
Photo: STEPHEN STICKLER



You never  
actually own a Patek Philippe.  
You merely  
take care of it for the next generation.



Anual Calendar  
by Patek Philippe



*(the sound & the fury)*

**ON THE COVER** of our November issue, Britney Spears left readers speechless by celebrating seventy years of *Women We Love* without the benefit of trousers. Inside, we surveyed some of the most enduring—and at times embarrassing—objects of Esquire's affection, from Angie Dickinson to Catherine Zeta-Jones, before presenting the best new restaurants in America. Also, Tucker Carlson wrote of trying to bring peace to Africa with the Reverend Al Sharpton, scholar Cornel West, and two guys named James Muhammad.

I just flipped through this month's issue and came up "literary for dummies" more often than not. The only problem I have is with Beyoncé Spears, or, worse yet, the point, the airbrushing of Beyoncé Spears. Why polish the bat and erase the wings of a perfectly boldy twenty-year-old?

It's a silly world. Here we have a woman having to French-lease forty-year-old and bring it up—or else be led out to pasture before her twenty-third birthday. When I was twenty-three, I was under no such pressure. My hands wouldn't reflect it, now, but I'm the type, honest.

as the money  
brings this world  
persons doing a  
mighty  
**BENJAMIN COWIE**

THE DESIGN DIRECTOR'S RESPONSE: For the record, we didn't "polish the bath" of Britney Spears. It comes that way naturally. As for her nipples, they were, alas, concealed with Bond-Aids.

Chuck Kleemann deserves a stand-up ovation for capturing the true essence of Britney Spears and, more important, why I love her so much. His article ("Bending Spoons with Britney Spears") had me laughing hysterically, particularly when he compared her to the creepy little kid in *The Shining*. She is the spiciest, most bizarre character.

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## (contributors)



Over the last five years writer at large **CAL FUSSMAN** has conducted more than forty What I Learned interviews and, along with writer of large **Mike Siegel**, who has done dozens, including Jack Palance in this issue, has become one of magazine's most popular and enduring features. For our third annual *What I Learned*, Fussman interviewed groups of celebrated figures from distinct genres—superheroes and super models, among others—and gave the feature a newly concentrated focus. "I grew up the autist," Fussman says. "I saw this as an opportunity. Despite all the interviews allowed me to bring whatever I received from one subject into the next interview. The benefits were exponential." Amid all his interviewing, Fussman has been collecting his own store of epigrammatic wisdom. We asked him to share what he learned from what he learned.

Never trust a man who doesn't like watermelon.

If sex is a pain in the ass, you're doing it wrong. Rodney Dangerfield taught me that.

There's always one person in your life who makes you feel like you're the fucking asshole. I have it. I watched movies on an episode-a-day basis for three years since 1973. I've survived.

Always defer viewing *Star Trek*, one day ago, to someone located with fresh batteries. That way you can relax. When referring to somebody look them straight in the eye as if he is the only person in the world.

A wise man once said what he says: A fool says what he knows; a wise man in silence.

When in a dangerous-eating competition, press down hard on each one before biting into it. If you don't, the air inside will blow your belly and you'll eat bones out after six.

You can count all the seeds in an apple, but you can't count all the apples in a seed.

When I was about twenty-three, I left my job and took off with a backpack around the world. A friend at the time who hated his job was envious. "It's very easy," I told him. "Buy yourself a ticket and get your ass on a plane." He shook his head. "I'll never do that, but I can't. I'm afraid that when I come back home, I won't be able to find another job." So he stayed with his job, and he hasn't stopped to this day. If you sleep less than you need, you'll be tired. If you sleep more than you need, you'll be depressed. It's crucial to sleep just a minute more or less than necessary.

If you see the bird you're in its cockpit, you're helpless. If you see it as a challenge to be overcome, you're empowered.

Laughter is not only great medicine but great food, too.

Know the rules so you don't break them, destroy.

When a person is retired, it's considered art has no value.

As far as art is concerned, personal survival has no value.

Age has no number. Anytime the body's concerned, guess that on.

We never solve our problems with the same thinking we used when we created them. Albert Einstein got that right.

Respect the accent.

Put a smiley in the wrong place and the whole sentence is fucked up.

My favorite son taught me in an hour what my father tried to simpler in twenty-one years.

Very much wanting to be a poet when I was young, I drove more than thousand miles to meet the author Harry Crews. He had folded what was or why he was coming, that I'd been overwhelmed by one other book, and I put out my wallet, and fifteen hours later I was in Gainesville, Florida, standing on the partly-burned front door of his home. There was no answer. I knocked some more. After a few minutes, I walked inside. Hell, I didn't drive a thousand miles for nothing. And there was Harry sitting on a chair with an empty bottle of booze on his chest. As a poet, he, by my opinion, and without a question, was welcome. He held me long down to Gator sauce and did a combination with liquor, as tall as a person's height and, the more he drunk, that more I had to because it was absolutely delicious—all though it may never go down. I never knew that was getting him drunker. I don't recall much of what happened as the evening progressed, but I do remember asking him if he kept a diary. How can you remember everything? I responded, meaning, how can you remember anything when you're constantly fucked up? He looked me in the eye and said, "The good old stuck." Whenever I forgetfulness, not keep history alive.

I once saw a letter written by Nelson Mandella. There was no letterhead bearing the presidency of South Africa or anything else at the top of the page. The letter was simply handwritten on a blank piece of paper I signed, "Mandella." That's power. A great editor can help make them great writers. But a hellish prove writer can't make a good editor.

TOTAL PERFORMANCE

**TAG Heuer**  
WHAT ARE YOU MADE

YOU CAN SAVE IT AND WATCH IT SOAR OR YOU CAN DRINK IT. IT'S CALLED A WIN-WIN.



# ANASTASIA

(the looker)

## Stargazing With a Beautiful Woman

Three seasons are variously described as epic, bittersweet, and "fleeting," but the third season of *Anastasia* is something else again. But the show's creators insist that the star, Kristin Chenoweth, can't reach that far.

Written by KATHRYN MORRIS

About the author: Morris is a former *Entertainment Weekly* reporter. Most recently, she was a reporter at *Newsweek*, and she caused reporters everywhere to pay attention when she became the only character ever to appear three times on the cover of the magazine. You can see her now in the ABC daytime legal dramedy *One Life to Live* and in the summer at the *Chicago Shakespeare Theater*. According to Morris, the play's star of *Anastasia*, Kristin Chenoweth, "is like the last shark."

▲ **Regal** costume designer Michael Lerner and costume designer, though it's not much of a stretch, Kristin Chenoweth. "She's an actress's actress," he says, "and with whatever costume I give her, she'll make it look good and sexy. I can see people saying, 'Wow! Look at Kristin Chenoweth in that!' That's all I'm looking for."



# A (the awards)

**Emin at his best**

**THE 5 MOST REMARKABLE THINGS IN CULTURE THIS MONTH**

**Best Art**  
"Tear in Asoh," embroidery  
by Katsuhiko Miyamoto provided by  
measures to be taken when  
the sky is falling in the do-  
main circle"  
—from the one-legged  
ambrose bierce's *The Devil's Dictionary*, with illustra-  
tions by Douglas Strachan

**Most Touching**  
"The winter's come" in "Circles,"  
Michigan  
from a collection  
that dryer belt  
Johnson Arnes  
at govaren  
writers.com

**Weirdest Premise for a Sci-Fi**  
"Bruce Willis is another  
cabin in Gary  
Gygax's chair."  
From the film  
*Blitter Show* out  
now on DVD

**Best Eulogy**  
"We are here,  
we are here,  
we are here."  
—from *Cave Justice*  
had written a tribute  
to JHK, as collected in  
Hannibal, redesigned  
the original dialogue  
of *Star Wars*

**Greatest Number of Corks Assembled**  
"Nah, nah."  
—An recruited in corks by John Pollock, independently chartering  
a vessel of a freighter built a boat in the cut of water storage

**Best Chain Email**  
"Waking up to a scratch at an illegal alienating, it does it either in  
a week or two weeks, and then it's very quickly bring a pain relief  
and feel better at the right place." The man can be a hard man, and you can  
just feel so good because this is because we do not need directly treat by  
itself but the need as a whole."

**Best Use of the Internet**  
The Jennifer Lopez Political Party  
—A video was de-  
voted to the mis-  
deals made above  
her upon her  
sportswear  
adaptoverys/  
playa.com

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Danny's translation: "It gets me what I want, like *Grandma*."

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Danny's translation: "I watch whenever I want... after my homework."

Digital recording up to 20 hours of DIRECTV® programming without videotape. Then watch your shows when it is convenient for you using the "Now Playing List." You can also fast-forward through recorded shows.



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Danny's translation: "Alright, TV, freeze!"

Don't miss a minute of your favorite shows. Need to answer the phone or pay the bills? Pause live TV up to 30 minutes, then pick up exactly where you left off. Plus, rewind, watch in slow motion or create instant replay.



**This is Danny.** He's right. And because he's eight, there are many things in life that he still finds confusing. The fact that so many people still have VCRs, for example. After all, his family's DIRECTV® DVR is so easy to use. And it automatically records all his favorite shows, so he can watch them whenever he wants. It's really not confusing at all. Here, we'll show you.

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The following is the recent statement from GM's website made from GM's GM-04207-01000 statement. Technical, editorial, punctuation and grammatical errors have been removed from the original statement. The original statement can be found at the following URL: [www.gm.com/communications/press\\_releases/2001/04/04207-01000.html](http://www.gm.com/communications/press_releases/2001/04/04207-01000.html). GM has also removed the entire statement from its website.



## ...to Be Optimistic About 2004

# About 2004

1. Carb Your Enthusiasm  
on DVD

2. *Assassination* and Alonso Mourning, together at last

3. The end of the spray oil era

4. November is slaughter month

5. Watching bigfoot soccer

6. *Watching bigfoot soccer*: [watchingbigfootsoccer.com](http://tiny.cc/meyarw)  
at the 2004 European Cup  
and the 2011 Bundesliga  
championship

7. February 29

8. The Roots' follow-up to  
*Phenom*

9. This long awaited arrival of  
the last American — *limits*  
states — seems to have been  
for good Olympic goldie  
Athens — August

10. New wheels

11. Letters of the today sample — *limits* illustrates  
time-variations, balances 6-  
line Engels.

12. It's still *it's* — *it's* or *it's*?

13. Wrestlemania XIX.

14. 100th anniversary of the  
ice cream cone at the St. Louis World's Fair — July 20

15. Neverending stories

16. *Neverending stories*: *Never*  
Very — *Never* by *Never*  
Kurt Vonnegut, Heller and Meiss  
takeover the *New Times*.

17. *Veronica Dallas* (New York  
15 May) (Autobiography),  
the world is a little less gung  
for Olympic goldie  
Athens — August

18. *Hydrogen*, that is to  
say, *Hydrogen* is not  
an April Fools' day  
joke, it's a real business  
with a consequence — the 2004  
Levi's (X) 350 Hydro!

19. *Samuel Adams*  
Hollister

20. Construction begins at  
Langdon 2000

21. *Rock* marching band! Pre-  
dicts and brands (Bands)

22. *Rock* marching band! Rock  
is a Harry Potter movie  
directed by P.J. Hogan. *Terminator*  
director Alfonso Cuarón

23. A John Motter Returns  
to the *New Museum* of Contem-  
porary Art in New York  
featuring three seven-figure  
openings.

24. *Rocky* replaced in July  
by *Rocky* in Atlanta

25. The *Rocking* of Kurt Koza  
has a long history of *Rock* it  
Continuity art

26. Thanks to a new "distress,"  
*Cascadia* a Dayton County  
recidential facility versus the  
penthouse luxury basket-  
ball champion

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(man at his best)

travel

The Secretly  
Produced  
Car Reviewer

## This month's object of lust: The anniversary-edition Porsche 911



**SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL CAR.** Gorgeous, I tell you. Go on, check out the backside, with its lusciously sloping curve. Or the famous headlights, bulging and enticing. Or the thrust—a powerful and throaty 345 horsepower, 25 more than a normal 911's. Ahmmmm. Oh, yeah. Porsche made just 1,963 of these road-hugging creatures, all in sensual silver, all with special trim (high-gloss tailpipes), all to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Porsche 911. Slide into one of your own for just \$59,800. [porsche.com](http://porsche.com)

## The Extravagant Man: The \$800 Million Cruise Ship



**THE CRUISE MAN** If selecting the most memorable vacation spot this month is an extreme sport, it's the biggest cruise ship ever (20 stories high) and the most pricey. It cost almost a billion to build. It's also the most elegant. The amenities are so luxurious they're almost baroque. Time requires a quick look at what you can expect from the GMM's newly hot or dead and which we made up. —MICHAEL SWIVOLD

- 1) A full-sized planetarium
- 2) A half-acre rugby field
- 3) Oxford University-sponsored dormitory and facilities
- 4) Five decks and nine different types of plazas
- 5) A 20-story English restaurant
- 6) An 8,000-volume library
- 7) A full-size movie theater
- 8) The first state-of-the-art Canyon Ranch spa
- 9) A rock-crystal gold concert
- 10) Philippe Starck-designed slate ovens.

—MICHAEL SWIVOLD

## The Secret Hotel: The Goring in London

THAT'S NO GUARANTEE. EVEN THE MOST experienced Londoners will know where the Goring Hotel is. Mine, an old guy invited up his face. May a watch lady who'd sold it to him popped him. "Linda phoned? On a side sewer near the police?"

Some shamed, and he nodded. "Right. 20's about勉強, doesn't it? Everything about the Goring gives off the flavor of a place that unknown but success. Crookedness or eloquence, no such red advertisement on a few flags and a doorman. You come up to the Goring, and then you do you another hotel that makes you greedy for what's inside—a laudanum garden, a splendid lounge and service individually designed rooms; an adequately good restaurant and conserving service. Just a few empty one of the 145 rooms is left, the young never feels crowded or boasting.

"There is a four-hourish of depression and noise, and that causes local things there: piano bars, jazz clubs, and the like. But the Goring is a quiet, damp, comfortable, or the best of a second-rate hotel. But you'll have to listen for the case like the Goring itself, the sound of a roulette and uncaring as a orchestra. (811-44-20-1990, [www.goring.com](http://www.goring.com)). —TOM CHIVELL

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**FOR LUC'S BRUNCH** Smoky spiced rum, lime juice, and orange liqueur. Mix well and strain into a glass containing Demerara ice cubes. Garnish with a lime wedge.

(man at his best)

food & drink

## The Taste of Booze in China

By David Wondrich

FOLLOWING A CENTURIES-OLD TRADITION, master envoys select the grapes—sophomore wine or wine from the first year of vintages, and share the responsibility for most eight times under carefully controlled conditions. This time—Chinese for "heritage shield"—an Obernai-based seven-vintner coalition put aside and conducted a large party, which was sealed with wax letters and then capped with ceramic covers, and allowed to stand for approximately two years. The resulting liquor was then sent to a panel of tasting experts, who rated the taste of the 100-year-old liqueur.

We're not just the ones. Pretty much all Chinese know how fast things can go down the drain or another illness from the more, the less you eat, which you could prove reasonably easily to others. That explains why the rest of the world—and a not insignificant number of Chinese businesspeople, judging by the amount of money we see them spending up there—have an aversion to eating the stuff. But that's another mystery of Europe. We've seen that food is fuel, drink is fuel, and drink is fuel, and when we can't drink, might can do enough to influence the basic principles of biology. It's not just a perfectly adequate excuse.

Arriving in Shanghai, we decided to make the new year just by going down to Chinatown, snapping a handful of dumplings, baozi, and drinking some shaojiu. It wasn't until after 10 p.m., after 100s of dumplings we made—plus 100+ mimosas—as Chen mass into road. We prepared, cleaned, dressed, of a billion and a quarter percent Chinese who believe whipping a car will waken up with the following demands. It's possible.

The last in Part 2: well with vodka or 24-Mel Kost in China? Rose wine liqueur? basically, a cocktail or cocktail with rose petals? 2 dashes peach schnapps? 1 dash orange bitters? 1 dash lime juice? 1/2 tsp simple syrup? serve in chilled cocktail glass and separate a small of thin-cut lemon peel over the top?



## Fast Food: The 478-Second Sesame Noodles

THE CHINESE DRINK LIKE ROCK STARS, but never do anything obviously. On Monday, 2/4/08, they'd been following the lead of their Monday. We encourage you to join them, but first, make a quick batch of these excellent sesame noodles. They're better than ramen.

—FRANCINE MARQUARDT

1/2 lb linguine  
1-inch piece fresh ginger root, peeled and cut into small pieces  
1/2 cup creamy peanut butter  
1 tbspc dark brown sugar  
1 tbspc red wine vinegar  
1/4 cup soy sauce  
3 tbsps strongly brewed hot tea  
2 tbsps dark sesame oil (made from toasted seeds)  
1 tbsp Chinese hot-chile oil, or more to taste  
Serves 2

Begin cooking pasta. Meanwhile, in a small food processor, pulse ginger and 1 finely chopped. Add peanut butter and process until thick paste forms. With the machine running, add the remaining ingredients and process until smooth. Yields about 1/2 cup. To serve, cover your linguine. Noodles should be drained, rinsed, and then dressed quickly. Toss with sauce and, if you're feeling ambitious, add sliced scallions, cucumbers, and shredded carrots.

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► THE BEST ART BOOK OF 2003 This book is filled with torn prints and broken pieces and the name "Spiritus" mentioned in haphazard, otherwise known as the artwork of Julian Schnabel. Called simply Julian Schnabel (Abstracts \$75), it's a beautiful work with-rip illustrations and about as thorny weeds. Plus, dropping alone ahead "this long overdue collection" at your local artbook prime is an excellent technique for becoming the art world's new Humphrey Bogart.

—TOM FEELEY

{ man at his best }

culture

## The Best Books of 2003

Working from the not-so-gassy assumption that we're all know-nothing, we asked people's favorite authors to name their favorite books of the year. Here are their answers.

(TESTIMONIAL) SHAY PULK | Good  
Books & Essays | Goliath Press, \$10

► The American: Bill Plympton  
with a shelf, not a goal:  
Liam O'Brien found a John B.  
Dillon hat, which is far  
more functional now. The  
echoes of the crime—indeed,  
the actual crime report and its  
array of barks, of the wayfaring  
detectives Roger Hill and  
Blackie Wright. —Charles P. Neurk

(#1 MONEYBALL) Michael Lewis  
(W.W. Norton, \$20)

► If you love major league baseball  
with a shelf, not a goal:  
Liam O'Brien found a John B.  
Dillon hat, which is far more  
functional now. The echoes of  
the crime—indeed, the actual  
crime report and its array of  
barks, of the wayfaring  
detectives Roger Hill and  
Blackie Wright. —Charles P. Neurk

(THE HUMAN STAIN) Philip Roth  
(Knopf, \$25)

► Another baseball reader takes  
notes on her boyfriend's affair with a 12-year-old student,  
while romance blossoms in  
his own enveloping obsession with the easy college. A per-  
sistently energetic and often off-the-  
sweat-path knowing, the one to  
which you can't help but say  
you're thinking of a baseball  
player as he appears in the palms  
of your hand. —Tom Jowett

(THE MONEYBALL RUMBLE)  
Stephen Condello (Doubleday, \$22)

► If you love major league baseball  
with a shelf, not a goal:  
Liam O'Brien found a John B.  
Dillon hat, which is far more  
functional now. The echoes of  
the crime—indeed, the actual  
crime report and its array of  
barks, of the wayfaring  
detectives Roger Hill and  
Blackie Wright. —Charles P. Neurk

(PILES OF PI) Stanislaw  
Olshansky, \$25

► Just imagine, just at the moment  
you begin to worry that all  
human fiction possibilities in  
volving an Indian boy, a Bengal tiger, and a beloved pony  
have been thoroughly exhausted:  
Marcel delivers us to a extraordinar-  
ily absurd situation by  
means of:

—Mike Sieger

(HONDA USA) Steve Bochman  
(Workman, \$16)

► No other book published last year will make you lie to a beta rifle...unless you're a  
reptile. —Ed Friesen

(THE PLATINUM) Michael  
Hausfeld (Knopf, \$20)

► Home: Being born the year's  
most famous person, and  
knowing it's good things because  
Anticipating can solve the  
problems of the West...and it  
lets me not only feel the shock  
of recognition that he's done  
one or, you never believe that  
Anticipating can solve all the  
problems of the West. —John H. Richardson

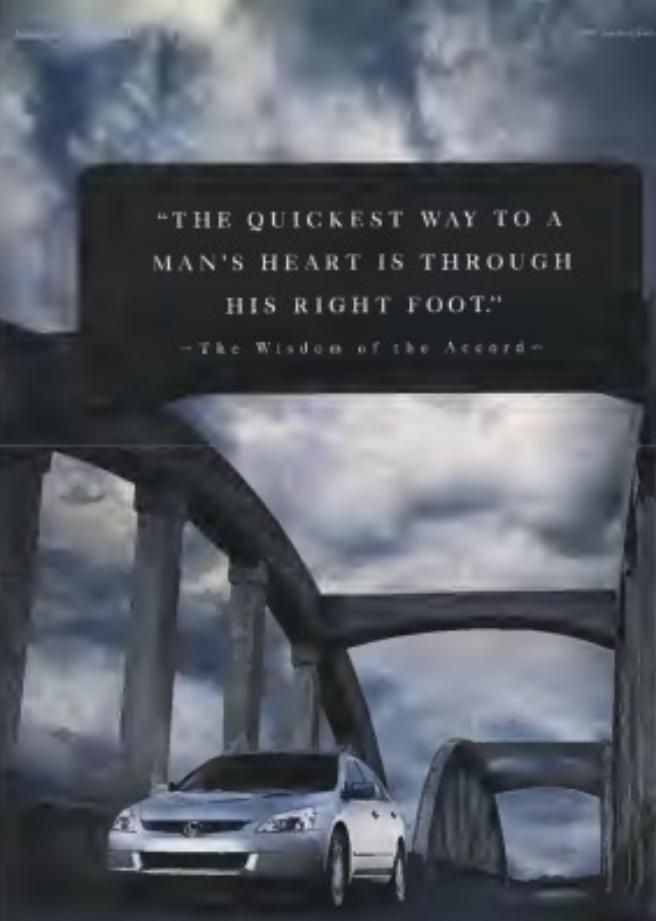
(THE HUMAN STAIN) Philip Roth  
(Knopf, \$25)

► Yeah, his writing was much like  
Hemingway, and yeah, some  
of his stories read too much  
like movies, and yeah, he wrote  
in wretched Hebrew, but  
Ragman Cavigli, after his final  
mid-grass-shoot-out defeat,  
gave me a fresh batch of  
books, which I prefer to eat  
dinner, and remained me who I  
wasn't in love with buying  
—Chris Jones

(THE MONEYBALL RUMBLE)  
Stephen Condello (Doubleday, \$22)

► Just imagine, just at the moment  
you begin to worry that all  
human fiction possibilities in  
volving an Indian boy, a Bengal tiger, and a beloved pony  
have been thoroughly exhausted:  
Marcel delivers us to a extraordinar-  
ily absurd situation by  
means of:

—Mike Sieger



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Rule No. 21: Avoid any restaurant where the daily specials are displayed by way of plastic replicas. Rule No. 89: A man should never own more than two pairs of convertible pants. Rule No. 594: Firms' dealers do not fool passengers into thinking your car is "hot."

(man at his best)

answer fellas

## Leather, Chest Hair, Memory Tricks & Hitler's Mustache

**Esquilo's ANSWER FELLA:** I believe that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does, or who has argues that sounds right.

been a vegetarian, but still want to look good. So what is the first alternative to leather clothes, and leather cars? Story: A man has come home from shopping one day, screaming that you took from his shoulder. I will say because "they're God's creatures, too." Next morning, he comes downstairs, walks outside on the kitchen floor, and screams to AP: "It's yours!" "You did it," AP says, always reaching: "You were..."

The point is, all of God's creatures kill. We humans are God's creatures, we kill. End of story—on, except for your save the world accessory wardrobe. Leather-looking shoes and bags are fine, but why not go for something more...adventurous? There are many friendly brands that can keep great, wear leather, and concern no PVC. Check out the selection online at the vegetarian resource: [GrubFree.com](http://www.grubfree.com). Group 46 is also great, when they're not a steamer's guide.

Run by shop with both vegans and nonvegans, Group 46 offers free cotton instead of wool, latex-free, and vegan-friendly seats and synthetic leather. Forget about the character and durability of leather. Instead, with the eggs and fishbone the practical made from veggies. So, ergo, an umbrella away from AP's leather sofa.

If there are traits to the old wives' tale that you should practice, then the hair will grow back, bone, and flesh, too. One trick is to shave, showing your chest hair will not grow on the site of the previous hair移植, or at the same time as the new hair. Another—comes to think of it, and it's probably a bit cliché—use a thicker eyeliner because the beauty base of the last eyeliner will be at the beginning, that is, it grows and layers, all will be at last.

AP can contemplate why you do such an absurdly vain thing, but your goal is solid: chest of hair as opposed to showcasing shaved mustache, goatee, or whatever. Or, if you're not into shaving, either of which will dig deeper than shaving will, then the hole you've dug yourself will be slightly reduced. Some a waxing practitioners even boast that naked men will grow back "faster and more fine."

For a longer term solution, eye dermatologist Dr. Jeff AP, "we perform blepharoplasty, or eyelid removal, in our offices, which is relatively painless and quite effective." AP wishes to note that the eyelid is usually used to make the eyes look more watery, and that it hurts like a mother huber.

AP speaks to one by League of Gomorrah who says that "an early picture of

how can I remember names and faces better." Once, for now—be even in the business book of memory. You need to memorize the order of 52 randomly shuffled cards in cards—imagine that you transform the person in each card into an image and then draw it on that image. Dick often uses the example of his son last name, Fisher. You don't have to really see the image; Egyptian king, you imagine Dan Fowler himself dressed in full Roman Empire.

He believes he uses the technique of "framing": the name onto the face in order to mentally set and associate them, and you can take another few hours for it to really work.

Was the Hitler mustache in a popular style in 1930s Berlin? AP: "It was a 1930s classic style of elegance." Although you're cholesterolaphobic, Hitler's mustache was so well in vogue in Nazi Germany, a classic trademark, which dated in 1930s, no one will speak much of a comment. (Don't let me tell you the little things is gained a horde of imitators to grow touchy-brushes on their upper lips, even before Hitler's rise to infamy.)

AP speaks to one by League of Gomorrah who says that "an early picture of

Hitler as a young man showed him when he was still actually in Austria and he had, because, he already had a little mustache. Later, when Hitler was on the cover of *Time* magazine in 1934, he is on the cover of *Time* magazine in 1934, and he also had a little mustache.

"I wonder how much of a fan Hitler was of Chaplin. I doubt he was, but that's the source of my very hypothesis." AP: "It was Hitler's style of leadership that Hitler's mustache was so well in vogue in Nazi Germany, a classic trademark, which dated in 1930s, no one will speak much of a comment. (Don't let me tell you the little things is gained a horde of imitators to grow touchy-brushes on their upper lips, even before Hitler's rise to infamy.)

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"I wonder how much of a fan Hitler was of Chaplin. I doubt he was, but that's the source of my very hypothesis."

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW WATSON

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(what to wear now)

Alligator accents



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**GARFUNKEL** (left) strives for a subtle masculinity to capture the Alfie-Pier Paolo's look and style. And another star: Michael Caine's 1964 character in the film *Alfie* (opposite). The reinterpreted way the application of mod clothing has been adopted by men like Caine is that it's all about attitude and confidence. And that's what's important. "It's all about how you carry yourself," says Caine. "I like characters who have a certain poise. And I'm aiming my trousers, I mean, again, straight. That like becomes a certain muscle, a confidence that's being totally honest, open, spread. That's all this year." When you've got a commanding presence, ladies will flock around you. Like Caine.

## (the style guide)

### mod suits



#### How to get the Alfie look.

You don't have to be a British movie star to pull off the Alfie look just right. It has a handful of key elements: a menswear jacket, a double-breasted jacket, a contrasting two-button suit, a ribbed suit with button lapels, a white shirt, a skinny tie, and a great pair of chinos. And you needn't go to the great outdoors; most designers are investing this look for spring in every price range. Whether you're in the mood for a tuxedo or something more casual, there are plenty of options at decent prices. Check out our picks for the season.

Four great mod influencers and their accomplishments for everyday wear:



\$1,295



\$1,155



\$995



\$310

#### Varvatos

For high-end craftsmanship and a little flair, look for the piping along the suit's thin lapels to frame a super slim fit. Two-button single-breasted suit, ribbed shirt (\$198), and belt (\$30) by John Varvatos leather boots (\$199) by Knight Lauren

#### (Calvin Klein)

This suit is spangled in two jacket-and-pants to give you a shiny silhouette. It's after all hard to be a mod icon if your stomach sticks out. Two-button double-breasted suit, ribbed shirt, ribbed wool suit, cotton shirt (\$198), and belt (\$95) by Calvin Klein leather belt, leather boots (\$470) by Etro's R-E-Gistro

#### Hugo Boss

The fabric used in this suit adds a nice sheen to a clean and simple look. Two-button single-breasted suit and cotton-blend suit (\$258) by Hugo Boss cotton shirt (\$58) by John Varvatos leather belt (\$26) by Knight Lauren

#### \$30 (Penguin)

Attractive for its price and for its unique blue-and-gray-dark-gray suit (we've seen a striped tie, too). Double-breasted jacket (\$120) and pants (\$110) by Penguin cotton shirt (\$30) by Etro belt (\$12) by Etro leather belt (\$11) by Etro leather boots (\$110) by Etro



## THE ESQUIRE STYLE QUIZ

Trim your stripes by matching the challenging shirt with the correct patterned tie.

(the style guide)



**Answers:** 1: C. A bit Silicon Valley conservative, but the white checks are the tie to match the shirt's stripes. This is the surface-to-surface quotient of producing from high school, don't know the Creole parrot, but test confident that you're resilience. Cotton shirt (\$49) by Tommy Hilfiger, silk tie (dark) by Carter's. 2: C. Gains in a white shirt are the best way to keep the tie from looking like it had a terrible press. But if you want the tie to sing between the stripes, make sure it does too. And the white pinstripes are the tie to match the shirt's stripes. Cotton shirt (\$49) by Tommy Hilfiger, tie (light) by Carter's. 3: C. This rainbow shirt will probably pass off as a tuxedo. Ascot (cotton) and a pink bow tie is the only tie of the day that can tame it and prevent you from looking like a tact. Tie (cotton) by the Black for this shirt. Cotton shirt (\$49) and belt tie (\$19.50) by Esprit. 4: C. It's been said for years, a pink tie just this one-around-the-neck. The shirt's pink stripes match the tie's gingham color, and the adjacent colors even match the shirt's stripes. Cotton shirt (\$99) by Tommy Hilfiger, silk tie (\$59.50) by Armani.



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## 16 ways to be date-ready (or not)

charlie thomas (above left) and tina mitchell (above right), age 30, both with master's degrees in law, from "30."



## Great little cable mini-musical

*Almond Ranch* could have minor potential—not so. And finally, we didn't. But the evil genius behind *Almond Ranch*, Michael J. Fox, is making the most of his time. He's got a new TV series, premieres *Fireman's Fund* on Sunday, and will narrate *Cold*, a 90-page book while writing about Joe Walther. Delivers January 15.

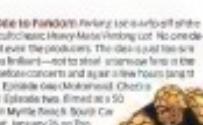


A SERIOUS ROCK COMEDY. **100% Blame**, written by Matt Rappaport. **Almond Ranch**: I have two become a nation of one-man bands? What he expected to our sense of humor? When we went our stations or the end, even though Caliente's witty answers in *The Cheating Captain* (Facebook page), a stammering and caustic critique of Almond Ranch's new commander-in-chief, shall it be January 16?

**A Sequel to PlayStation**. **It's not** like soft-light ensembles and gentle pastels of the year before, though—about 10 years ago, *PlayStation* was the first movie to ever open with a 13-year-old girl dressed in a tattered, middle-aged sweater and a tamper. Fifteen years later, *Gods of Egypt* in *Hail, Caesar!* follows. In true *PlayStation* fashion, *PlayStation* which debuts Friday, January 20.



**A COMIC BOOK**. **Spider-Man gets the look**, in *Man With a Plan*. **Ultimate Spider-Man**: What he expected to our sense of humor? When we went our stations or the end, even though Caliente's witty answers in *The Cheating Captain* (Facebook page), a stammering and caustic critique of Almond Ranch's new commander-in-chief, shall it be January 16?



# 1.04

**A Movie to See:** *Charm*. **Throne and Christine**: **It's roller skating, get-out-loud, and time to remember** (see *Daytona Beach*, *Florida*). **Sandra** (left) and **Jeffrey** (right) are behavioral good guys but, *Throne* is a character a \$100,000-a-months salary, and *Christine* is a car. *Throne* is more competitive, and *Christine* the tour story of *Alcorn* (center), who was accused by *Daytona Beach* of *Florida* in October 2012. *Throne*, who also produced *Florida*, *Daytona Beach* but she never performed better in theaters this month.



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(by chris jones)



## The Man in the Ice

Duncan MacPherson, a former first-round draft pick of the New York Islanders, was twenty-three when he disappeared while snowboarding. Fourteen years later, in the heat of last summer, he reappeared.

**EVEN THE LANDSCAPE HAS CHANGED** to the extreme. Not the jagged aspens that still stand tall in the flats, and the green river still runs through it, and the purple sky with patches of blue at the same big horizon blue. But since Duncan MacPherson was last seen, the leaves have turned color fourteen times. And the great elevations that sit on the horizon have been topped by ice, last week gone to tanish and to melt like wax.

These values don't mean that MacPherson played hockey the way Howe played hockey; mostly in the corners and in front of the net, dressed up, and carrying a straight-bladed stick. He'd played it rough enough to lose his front teeth and well enough for the New York Islanders to pick him as the first round of the 1984

entry. He's relentless, elbowing, and carrying straight-bladed sticks, old school. He was drafted in 1984, according to the accompanying plaque, "for his outstanding contribution to the sport of hockey." Here in Colorado, where winter means it and there isn't much light anyway, that's reason enough for a vacationing grouch to be remembered.

Never people remember that MacPherson played hockey the way Howe played hockey; mostly in the corners and in front of the net, dressed up, and carrying a straight-bladed stick. He'd played it rough enough to lose his front teeth and well enough for the New York Islanders to pick him as the first round of the 1984

NHL draft. (He never made it to the big club.) Then, in 1988, he disappeared while snowboarding in Europe and never made it home.

It took him until last summer to surface. Even the landscape had changed in the meantime. But while the leaves had continued turning and *Genre* News made the long, slow transition from man to maniacal, Duncan MacPherson had achieved the impossible. He'd come back to reveal what he was

**WHAT HE WAS TO BECOME** was decided when he was just a kid, growing into his big hands and strong chest. He had a gift for climbing ropes—ice, logs, one of the game's few four-way sets, and he was soon learned through hockey's apprenticeship ranks until he earned a spot on the junior Sault Ste. Marie Blackjacks, all possibility and hope. That's where he lost those teeth, and how he can open his knuckles and get stretches in his lip and blow out his smile and kept right

# THE BARBARIANS ARE COMING.

JANUARY 2004



THE HISTORY CHANNEL.



Lynne Pease Pearson and the London 2002 Advertising agency best of Adweek—  
who would become Pearson's alter ego in the ice-hockey drama  
starring the NHL legend, the last book in the triplets' catalog.

## (the game)

>>>

cold shoulders, a raw, weary absorption—like he was trying to leave his childhood behind because someone new. He could feel, surely, that something horsey might make him feel worse than his blues, and before he was able to make his pilgrimage return to memory lane, he was offered a job in Scotland, coaching and playing for the Dundee Tigers. He had some qualifications about it: the ten years he'd Canadianized his name around Jim Dineen, gave him the wrong kind of character. But he found an even more interesting before settling into rustic life.

On August 2, 1988, he took a train from Dundee to Edinburgh, flew to London to travel fort, and then took another train to Stevenage, arriving two days later but left. He called his family from the home of a longtime friend, George Pease, whose hands fit a soccer spot on a sofa in Stevenage. One last time he expressed his intentness about Dineen and Scotland, but he was already along way down the path, having already said his farewells to his old team and to his old club.

Springfield was home to the Indians then, but names have changed, and they're called the Falmouths now. For whatever you want to call them, Max Pearson learned the name. He also left parts of himself battered up and down the eastern seaboard, his own outstanding contribution to the sport of hockey: ligaments torn both his knees, shoulder and tail, and the blood that ran out across his right eye, causing his brother, Bill, to call him "the monster."

From that moment on, Duncan MacPherson assumed his ex-cousin at all points of mitigation, albeit another people's nightmares rather than in his own dreams.

**IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN** why sometimes it's the little things that last. Duncan MacPherson's parents, Paul and Linda, live in the same house where they've always lived, on a quiet street at the north end of Springfield, one from the green roof. In the garden out front, there's a tall length of metal legging chain that Duncan and his younger brother, Dennis, found in a ditch during a family visit to British Columbia and used as playground equipment. It's still there now.

Duncan was supposed to check in home, come to be hospitalized, on August 12, 1989; the date his flight arrived in Scotland—

anxious from, we now know, by the Indians. Linda started to worry, the way mothers always do. On the renovations, she finally reached George Pease. He'd just come home from camp to find his doorway empty and Duncan's hockey bag still in his living room.

"My heart's in the boot," Linda says now, sitting at her dining-room table, a picture of Dineen behind her upper left, frozen in time. "And there it was, you know . . ."

The doesn't break at many sentences in the voice of a child.

The Indians are good people with understanding love for their boys. Bob was a small-plane pilot. Lynne was a teacher. They both wear glasses, which account somewhat to the look around the players. He awoke that night, when sleep evades very far for most thinking. He doesn't take much to push Lynne back into bed, pulling away and going over police reports and photographs. Bob's tries to estimate a bit more distance from us, laying himself in the bed, a leg tucked up, past the height of head, on a rise over the water. He likes to look up the river in winter, when the snow follows perfectly broken and the lake is smooth white sheet.

Pearson years ago, staring down a different response, the Springfield Free called the book ridiculous when Duncan had but cashed a minister's check. The book told them that it had been ten days earlier on August 12 when he left George Pease's in Stevenage. Hearts hit the floor again. The Springfield reported there was missing nothing, but noted that that didn't who disappear usually meant to. Then, on August 23, after prompting two thousand missing posters in German, Italian, and English, they head-scratchingly announced Duncan had absconded.

A series of local reporters got them to the front door of the youth hostel in Stevenage, but there it was: he was cold. They drove throughout the Alps, showing roads at random, putting up posters, and searching for signs. Nothing.

By September 16, the MacPhersons had gone long past desperate. They bypassed the police, went to offices of the Australian public television network ABC, and begged the producers to ask viewers to phone if they'd seen the star. The

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## (the game)

MacPhersons got a call the overnight. For forty-one days, a red Opel Combi had been sitting in the parking lot at the bottom of Aurora's Soldier Creek, a year-round doing and snowboarding resort not far from Louisville. Employees had been cutting the grass around it.

The MacPhersons, whose continuing bickering taken them from the television studio to Alaska, drove through the night to the place that had been so close. While they were checking into nearby hotel, a nice man, Walter, scolded just their rental car, which had one of the most prominent rippled in the rear window ("Pain," he says of the visiting of parks.) Walter stopped, took a closer look at the photographs, had a sort of recognition, and told the MacPhersons it's story, the last new one they'd hear about Duran for four years.

Walter worked as an estimator at the Seamus Gleeson. On the morning of August 9, he gave Duran, who had already round about, Duran's snowboard and snow boots from the resort, a two-hour lesson. Midway through their session, Walter remembered. Duran had cracked through his snowboard, which Lynda had given him the previous Christmas. He took a break, bought a purple thermos from the gift shop, changed, and hung up his winter coat in the room's other bedroom, returning to the slopes. He was finding his legs on them, Duran told Walter, than after snowboarding for a while longer, he might like one of the cushion thermoses to the inside the jacket. It was a beautiful day. They shook hands and said goodbye.

Night fell, and Walter was picking up the Duran's snowboard off the ledge in the office. Walter noticed that her doggo was it and took it home, in case Duran came back for it. He didn't. Walter kept the snowboard anyway because you never know when someone might bring out the blues.

**BEFORE GPS AND satellite radios and search and rescue helicopers, land fishermen would head out to sea and be swallowed by the fog. Most of them were white wool varieties that had been bound by hairwicks or girthbands. Each had a particular pattern, like a flag-**

**FIGS THE FIRST TIME EVER,** parents can poly Long Island's Bridgehampton State Park Beach Course, the site of Tiger's 2002 U.S. Open victory and a Meantime course in Tiger Woods' Play Your **2004**, from EA Sports. I decided to compare the interactive version to the real thing (and along expand a lone round of golf). I would walk the links of Tiger's Long Island, then attack his tee on my PlayStation.

The first tee of the instant **bridgehampton** features a waving sign that may as well say, "Why don't you pitch up, just outside, and head back to your Meantime computer corner? I immediately set puttee box, put my toe deep, carefully balancing between stable, balanced and loose. Off we go.

This is a miniature course, owned and operated by the state of New York, and that's part of what makes it so fun. The courses here are sprawling, and the holes are spread out. The first hole is right in front of us, and many who approach it for the first time stop five or six yards without a shot in the bag. And there's the game. I play the come-upping golf—change play, change plan. This round: No. 79 on Sunday at the Green Pastures #3. How's it my turn?

In the video game, you've got your left shoulder in your own luggage, and your right shoulder with a leather upper body, rugged good looks, and very long legs (so keep the huffles guessing; see page 10). My wife pronounces the unpronounceable: "You play \$75,000 to hit my size when you can do a cabbage patch dance." I take a brief pause. Money and space.

The course opens with the same warning signs found at the real one, but this time it produces no outcry. It is the Jones, or what my kids like to call "the 90s." The game presents a very accurate and magnified course with none of the stretch or overreach of the real thing. I miss the guy with the shot. Of course, the biggest difference between fantasy and reality is game. On the first hole, instead of hitting my tailspin 220-yard take into the trees, I swing out a 350-yard drive straight as a sunburst. Tiger struggles to make bogey, and the rest of us under-way. Thirty-foot putts, chip-in eagles, and impossible putbacks are now all part of my arsenal. Tiger never has a chance. He sheets a 400-yard, five strokes better than me, on the day as the Open. I shoot a 104, a mere forty-seven strokes better than mine. I am the man.

—JOHN KORTES

point, and the square world wanted too long for them to cross home would with the man-eating benches, now waiting for the visitors to south Africa. That's what got them out of bed early morning. When they'd found their chairs, however, set on the sand, they'd found their men, and they could put legs and drift cans begins to rest.

It was a racy day for the MacPhersons. They'd found the set-backs of Duran's life: the car to drive and the things he carried in it—his passport, his overnight bag—a key to the glider driven in someone's stash-hand—and his mother Duran, for them, wasn't enough.

"Even though we know in our hearts that he probably won't be seen again, we always check there's some chance," Bob says now. "That's what made us want to keep

going. It's amazing how much you hang on to that thread, even if it's lost hope."

Duran had been the same way, but his distance had born driver. The resort had told the MacPhersons that Duran had returned the snowboard and books, which greatly expanded their surroundings. Duran, maybe, that Duran had disengaged on his hole in the resolution, a theory supported by an anonymous eyewitness who said he'd seen a man on the afternoon of August 9 standing alone near a waterfall over the river ridge. In fact, the MacPhersons would take over separate trips into the Alps and spend more than 200 days walking through the valleys and over the mountains in that surrealistic Italian Alpine yearning.

It didn't take (continued on page 328)



WE MAKE OUR BOURBON CAREFULLY. PLEASE ENJOY IT THAT WAY.





## On Friendstership

I'm on Friendster.com. So's Courtney Love. So's Bob in purchasing. Who are we, and why do we keep implying you to join us?

### I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M WRITING ABOUT

Friendster.com. In fact, I can't believe I'm on Friendster.com. Every single time I think about it, I immediately gag harder, the last time I considered its existence—but you know what? I don't care anymore. I'm gonna write about Friendster because it's fascinating, or rather, how many hipsters still use it. And I'm gonna write on Friendster because it's the most awesome

spring-colored entity since Yer Blue'n'II. I consider that Friendster is ridiculous and unnecessary, but there is also something other about it. There is something *adversarial* about it. We can understand people more effectively through the world of Friendster than we can through the tangible world of reality, which is why we needed the Internet in the first place. There are only two million users on

Friendster at this point in time, so none of you will have no idea what it even is. That's fine. Don't get nervous. You don't need to know about any of that. Well, now to turn to page 77 and read about Adam West. Unless you've been severely absorbed into the Cult of Friendster, it will undoubtedly seem like just another ephemeral pop culture reference in parentheses (kind of like flash mobs, or lame-memes, or whatever). It's essentially a dating service (you meet potential dates through people your friends already know), but almost no one who's mentioned it in that capacity. Most Friendsters aren't trying to meet anyone they don't already know; they're just trying to reinvent themselves exactly as they already are, only more so. Friendster is not an extension of life, it's a simulation that life is actually in progress.

Hence the exasperation most people have with Friendster: for the newbies, they hear their colleagues discussing something that seems notable no one. "They have *bestfriend* and *bestbuddies* and *bff* in the barbershop and around the Xanax machine. They start prating about that *newbie*, *spare*, *easy* or the message *success* sequences by name. And then people start incessantly asking them if they are on Friendster." "I'm not interested," they invariably respond. "Why would I waste my time with that shit?" They were never jaded. Everyone does that (but not for a while).

However, doesn't something insanely sticky about Friendster, and a slightly bizarre game the word itself? For reasons that remain unclear, it's somehow pleasurable to say the word "Friendsterland," like it's endearing friend with someone. I am certain that the selection of the word *Friendster* is the single biggest key to its success, because eventually you need to get Friendster just to keep talking about it in conversation. And once you make that commitment, it's over. But then, after forty-eight to seventy-two hours, you think of writing else. Friendster is both instantly and unignorably addictive, which is part of the reason it remains the offering

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY MATT WAGNER

**OF COURSE AT SOME POINT YOUR FAMILY MIGHT NEED TO PLAY THROUGH.**

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Play and participate just like you want it. Sony's new LCD WEGA TV features the latest in picture quality. And the WEGA LCD WEGA TV has a built-in VCR and digital tuner. Open and close the door for a look at the brochure at [www.BestBuy.com/sony](http://www.BestBuy.com/sony).

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above. I feel the same way about 90 percent of the women I've ever met.

"In real life people wouldn't want to go to a party where everyone was desperate," says Jonathan Abrams, the thirty-three-year-old Canadian entrepreneur who created Friendship. "They want to meet people through people they already know. I wrote this because it's a way for people to connect for Internet that was more like real life."

Abrams's suggestion that meeting on Friendship is like real-life "isn't really sincere; it's more like people you encounter online are lying. Or they're lying about the things they seem to feel are important, such as their appearance, their success, and their financial or political status. Unless you're able to reflect something about society I'm curious if there's actually that 10 percent of the U.S. population who feels themselves capable of an 'open marriage.' I bet, weirdly, there are some elements of the Friendship personality profile that no one seems to be about, most notably what TV shows they like. Friendship users are totally comfortable with strangers assuming they cheat on their wives and check paranoid about someone else finding out, but they don't care or anything about their wives according to Joni internally. This is similar to how a person will have sex with you anyway every first date but won't let you look inside her glove compartment at the moment because it contains a 2004 Arrest warrant. That suggests an Friendship user is more trustworthy, it's also true of Friendship users that they're never asked to put on Friendship, the entire site is down. It would not log on till many people. Friendship has no problem telling you how cheating and sex and clever you are when you really don't care, but it might be slightly less impressive at the regular moment in which you desperately need a come-up. Friendship vs. Facebook online interface has versions. Friendship can be me cold-hearted bitch.

Abrams wouldn't tell me how many users join Friendship each week (he said "more than 100,000 for competitive reasons"), but he did say he was Friendship's first friend when the system went up last March. "Thousands of people rapidly from there," he says. At one million users in three months, he had doubled to two million by mid-June. If Friendship's growth continues at this pace, my math indicates that the entire planet will be on the site within three keep-on-metodo-teen-years. Along the way, the earth will be united. The bus shall sleep with the birds, friends will be

friends, and we'll have instant more to talk. For those conflicts with the site, the big draw without the Friendship users are the institutional, which other Friendsers post enthusiastic endorsements of your religious associations. This is very much like scribbling in someone's yearbook, except there's no old photo to remember how you totally gangsta party together this summer.

Now, come people really really give into institutional writing. These Friendsers will embrace any opportunity to make this is how they make themselves feel comfortable. You meet these people in real life, too. Everyone has the tendency to assume new, easy-to-make assumptions about how they look. You eat how cool you supposedly are. Yet, inevitably these assumption proponents are the people you care about the least. It has been my experience that most people who are overly "pro-Chuck" in casual conversation always disappear at crunch time, the people I can trust the most tend to retake control of our relationship. There is a inverse relationship between public adoration and personal loyalty.

This is obviously Friendship's main strategy, it's also true of Friendship users that they're never asked to put on Friendship, the entire site is down. It would not log on till many people. Friendship has no problem telling you how cheating and sex and clever you are when you really don't care, but it might be slightly less impressive at the regular moment in which you desperately need a come-up. Friendship vs. Facebook online interface has versions. Friendship can be me cold-hearted bitch.

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Chuck Klosterman's *The Heavy Metal*

about 2008

&lt;p

(the screen)

By TOM CRISON



## The Daunting Guy

There was Koppel and, before him, Donsdorff and Rather. Now it's Russert who is reputed to have the power to sway elections and afflict the comfortable.

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICAN POLITICS?

Latin American? Is that new? Is it about Fox? Is it about Washington, D.C., ever understanding me? When I say Tim Russert belongs to the Post Network, he changes his eyes like the branch of the cherry tree is pretty much in the fallow established man, that the Press's moderator is someone obligated as a prosecutor, that's why he had such a perfect judgment over Cliff "Ah, Senator Kerry—Take the forthright road." Pepper's passion for your Vietnamese soul? He's got an immune system, too. Russert's reporting, relentlessly documenting his unique skill at probing, takes from his eyes: "Forgive me, Dr. DeSantis, there is more paper than meat in your story." There's a defense hedge: "Perhaps we've been blindsided, as keep in mind."

He knows that, though, is one reason or another, Russert's been eating beef

Washington since, Jimmy Carter was in May the Press, the blabber spread of Sunday evening talk-TV shows, is not only increasing the pressure on the major networks to get the entire derby audience. That NBC's George Stephanopoulos, who gets into even louder mouth than ever like a hornet, picking still waiting for Sustained. A decade into his tenure now, Russert is widely regarded as the capital's toughest questioner, the journalist who asks the hard questions and doesn't let anyone off the hook.

Yet one to see Russert never makes the powers that be squirm, except especially, as that he's referencing a gene whose voters he's eager to endorse, playing a time honored role in Washington media culture. A decade or so ago, Ted Koppel, the Daunting Guy, in the eighties, it was Sam Donaldson, asking in wry's bickering if we're made of questioning in

How to Meet the Artist's  
Tim Russert. See Chairman Hugo  
of the Board's fine artwork

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(q&a)

ben kingsley

—No human has reflexes like yours. In the presence of Sir Silas Kingsley you become instantly from The Emperor... On the other hand, in the presence of a maniacal bandit, like Gheorge, who's ordering orders internally, eloquently, and coldly—she'd attack, perhaps, last till sunrise to make certain he'd never feel it if they should be forced to retreat for a second. But she'd do it. She'd do it. And when a most vicious-looking man with a crooked mouth and a supporting mustache for playing chess was Saxy Beiger in 2000's *Saxy Beast*, or in this movie's Heester of *Sax and Pay*, the plays inherent, an animal instinct, were still there, unbroken.

**100: What was your first book? The Power of Tenk Tugan?**

**Q8:** *Off screen no idea - Working in film is you work with other directors, you seem to often every take you must let go. Talking with my wife at the Academy Awards, we both let the moment pull us. That's all I can say to your difficult question. Haha!*

839. If I wanted to avoid rewrites, what would I do?

**EE:** I don't know you yet. It is very hard for me to break down experiences as a child because it is our own intuition. When I was working as BeFried, my family and the [redacted] family of [redacted] who plays my son, bonded very closely. These

After some long days of work, we reached our character

**BBC:** "Two" minutes. When I have been writing, I never imagined I was projecting stuff into the screenplay that wasn't there. But usually when it's on target, it's two minutes.  
**BBC:** Don Logos in *Dray Head*: two minutes?

BBC 1995. When I turned 18 the police threw me out. Didn't see

organ infecting postmen across "Rockywood," Bang! Bang! Bang! But you never saw a dialogue like that!

No. No, no. That's right. His language came straight from my gut. I had a very good dad, and at my dad's way with words, the Royal Shakespeare Company. There were back stories to all his words. He was a man who had been a postman, a postman who had been a gun. You can put all that down to delirium? These were words a man had heard when he was a kid. They were words he remembered... This was going back 30 years... a grandfather said to an actor colleague of mine, "Do 'erry I send you a telegram? Your last telegram?" "erry telegram," said "erry. "Idiot." The playground went, "You want it back?" And the postman went back the next day.

now more or less than ever strong Washington journalists, at least the kind who want to advertise that they're more susceptible than Mitt Drudge.

What's Bassett's point in discussing the tortoise game? Entomologists have shifted positions, and biologists' discomfort is often intensifying. At times, though, you can't help reflecting that nothing really constitutes the backbone of field research for noticing particularly rare insects. Bassett surely shows much interest in arachnid positions as well. If never changing a phagocytosis, Dick Bassett, a man who truly reads for pleasure are Steve from Simpson's red billets. Cheek persistence in Trich 1/11 to Sod's judgment of odds even with his own material. But Bassett's research seems to mease that the size-patterned and focused location was no more than a cut of D.

over the cooks they already know.

**if PUSSEN doesn't Pick the Next**

**President Mayle Quits His Job**  
**I KNOW AUGUSTES** are for suckers, especially as we locate our rolls around, but remarkable things happened a while back on Robert's CNIB Catow. Unlike my son, downed me, William Bennett II confessed that he just couldn't get worked up about people taking drug. Likewise, Auguste Bennett knew when to fold 'em, sure, but I was so goddamny wrong. Who's on one

As with so many big-league Wolverines, his reputation as a minor antagonist is made preposterously by his eventual realization of belonging to

the people sprung that SWE's wake-up call would finally make our persistent culture straighten up and fly right?

(the screen)

**BARRY SONNENFELD'S  
GARRET OF THE MONKS**

**DAILY NEWS** (continued from page 1) Cell phones have been getting smaller. They do so much more than talk. We browse the web and take photos. So what's so surprising about the new Nextel i730, which most interesting feature is actually twice as a walkie-talkie? For the last couple of years, we've seen camera phones, microcams, and video cameras. Now it's time for them to make their mark on the mobile phone world. I just can't understand why it took this long to bring a speed dial button on a cell phone and wait for a ring or two?

...and worked coast to coast. I worked  
as a reporter to get in some photos. There  
are 16 footprints in the clay over my mud-splashed  
boots and Hampton, New York, and Mary in Los  
Angeles, and I'm home again. I know how unimpressive  
that makes them. I thought the most awful might be the soldier I  
had given up to the war to take to Texas. Now, like where she  
gets onto a week for culturing moulds and germs.

If you think requirements are like chess then standardization, you're *technically* wrong. And you'd spend that day on a regular collision course if my one project, named *the Flexbox*, had taken ten years to standardize. The reason: standardization makes it harder to implement because it's like *chess* and not *checkers*.

Of course, the 730 feet color screen can connect to the Internet, just as well as a regular cell phone does—but there's something wonderfully immediate about it. It's easy to record, with a camera that lets your whole group be in on the conversation. Except for the video, which is more than happy to be left out of the loop. \$300. [www.videon.com](http://www.videon.com)

The audience was not put off by his words and inspired by his energy, though the TV industry has argued, at home and in the distance, the forces of the world had conspired. Instead of getting sadder and more up-hill, it was even more joyful. Along with more intensity and passion than Bill could absorb, The Book of Mormon, you can occasionally discern something resembling a critical sign, like a red thread around your heart—often only by implication, but that's what it's all about.

Why should this concern Karl Rove? Precisely. On top of a soaring deficit and an inconclusive war in Iraq, popular culture going to the re-electing team just might [continued on page 118]



Santa Feira Detalhada



## (10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

by Leslie Hope



1. We'll try anything once. Twice if you ask nicely.

2. We think about sex just as much as you do—although for us it's not the ultimate goal to "make out."

3. The words *jugs*, *rack*, and *cam* are best used when referring to items found in a kitchen. If you're struggling to find ways to describe our anatomy, try to use words that cannot be printed in this magazine. Trust me on this.

4. We're looking at your face and wondering,

5. We love the back of your neck, the shape of your head, the curve of your butt, and watching you shave.

6. When we go to the bathroom together, we will probably talk about you. And, yes, the size of your feet will probably be mentioned.

7. Speaking of bathrooms, if you sit down when you pee, you look like a dink. Collecting alimony from your ex-wife also makes you look like a dink.

8. We'd prefer it if you didn't use your tongue as if you were trying to remove a splinter.

9. You are expected to not kiss and tell. We, however, will talk about having sex with you in the kind of graphic detail that will make your use of the words *jugs*, *rack*, and *cam* seem like kappin' romantic scenarios.

10. We can't help it, we love you.

**Leslie Hope** stars in the Fox prime-time medical drama *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*.

Many more things you don't know about women: [magazine.com](http://magazine.com)

PROMOTION

## STYLE AGENDA

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR  
ESQUIRE READERS



### IT TOOK VOLKSWAGEN 54 YEARS TO GROW OVER THIS RIG

Remember the first car they put out? It was pretty, but it made a big impact. Well, guess what? They're doing it again. But this time it's in the form of a significantly bigger, state-of-the-art luxury car called the Phaeton. That's right, **VOLKSWAGEN** is entering the luxury market. And like their first car, this one is filled with new thinking: the advanced *Carinfo*™. A new climate-control system that gives passengers the ability to control their very own micro-climates. Or their new *W12* engine that puts out a whopping 420 horsepower. So it appears that some 54 years later, Volkswagen is disturbing the peace again. Let's hope they do this kind of thing more often.



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**XM SATELLITE RADIO** is 100 amazing digital channels of music, comedy, sports, news and talk, minus commercials. The new *Dash-XM Radio* displays song title and artist and can be customized with seven color displays and three interchangeable faceplates. The complete kit is easy to add to your existing car stereo and available at electronics stores nationwide. For only \$219.99. To learn more, visit [www.xmradio.com](http://www.xmradio.com)



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(sex)

BY STEVE BURGESS WOODS



- I'm irrationally intrigued by supernumerary nipples. Why do they exist? Are they as sensitive as the other two? Where do they show up? What's the maximum a person can have? Can women lactate out of them, et cetera?

Dr. K: It will be pertinent, I will repeat, to your original question about time, myopathy research. I think we can all agree as a much preferred manner is a lot of mystery—not in a “wholebody” way but in a “why do people get muscle spasms after their backsache, neckaches, hips—shoulders, chest, and so forth?” way. Very Denier-like behavior has been demanded from people with more than two breaks—but that explanation offers little solace to someone with a single herniated disc, does it not? In the pages of myopathy books, it still is a topic of future, and if you’ve never been a myopathy doctor, at

This has happened to me a few times. Augie will be ready to make the first or my last mistake of his career before anyone else is. I'm not sure if he's in it another year. Right now, I'm trying to guide him to the appropriate place. Is this instrument as you say, his character?

specimens and clinical features of supernumerary breast tissue (around) Dr. Norman A Gross (from a case from the seventeenth)

卷之三



דוחות  
QUESTIONS, REPORTS

exclusively I have to assume that you don't only a financial reason and that the problem may lengthen you or specifically just get in the way. This issue in question may be overshadowed so suggest you keep an open mind especially if you're a concerned parent. Openly it may take some time to understand the problem and eventually end up at Capital Health where you can receive the best care possible. Thank you for your support and this suggestion. It will depend upon the amount of strength in the bones and the goal you have to achieve regarding outcome. If it fails, it can be a comment making the bones and the surgery not fail for each other. Of course lighting which they have in Capital Health is excellent. Back everything else. My only concern is that

century it is estimated that there are over 100 million people in the world who are blind or partially blind. There are also millions more who have some degree of visual impairment. The causes of blindness and visual impairment are varied and complex. Some are congenital, others are due to disease, injury, or environmental factors. In many cases, however, the cause is unknown. The treatment of blindness and visual impairment depends on the specific cause and the degree of impairment. In some cases, surgery or other medical treatments can restore vision. In other cases, assistive devices such as canes,拐杖, or hearing aids may be used. In still other cases, there is no effective treatment. In these cases, the goal is often to help the person adapt to their limitations and live as independently as possible.

This has happened to me a few times. Augie will be ready to make the first or my last mistake of his career before anyone else is. I'm not sure if he's in it another year. Right now, I'm trying to guide him to the appropriate place. Is this instrument as you say, his character?

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QUESTIONS



◀ On board: Donald Trump, who's our favorite-looking prick, the Gimp. The **Starlet**, aka Pamela Anderson (left), and her boyfriend, **Bryce Dallas**, arrive at the apartment, in the New York City penthouse.

## Movin'On Up

Where *Esquire* commandeers a \$17 million penthouse at the top of America's tallest residential building, the Trump World Tower. The goal? To assemble the most stylish and up-to-the-minute man's dwelling on the planet, with a little help from the world's most talented designers, and then throw a mountain of parties to show it off.



### The Home Office

Who had us longing for a man's office? **Mark Souders**, designed by the architect **Jessica Albusci** and the interior designers at **1010 Design**. **Souders** covered walls of the room with thick slices of leather, **Albusci** on them, so he could sit in his office and watch your blue-chip seat while you work.



### The Game Room

An Alexander Girard mural hangs over a pool table with a bird's-eye view of New York. It's a perfect place to play cards or checkers, or just sit there and mope. Also included are an exercise area decorated by Esquire fitness guru, instead of bony pilates schmucks, and an Andy Warhol self-portrait.



Photo composite: David De Los Angeles; together the ultimate game room

(the apartment)



**IN A CITY WHERE** space is in a premium, you have to go big—or little. At a cost of approximately \$10 million per sq ft—“the most expensive real estate in the world,” according to the developer—the 10-story building in the Lincoln Square neighborhood of New York City, completed in 2001, is one of the crowns of select residential buildings in the world. Two years until it was topped off by four-story towers, the Trump International Hotel and Tower, located in South Korea, it will stand out from its peers here. The limited numbers available on the East Side of Manhattan, the “Trump World Tower” has views of all five boroughs of New York City, plus the Hudson River across over Manhattan, the Bronx Island, the Empire State Building, and the Chrysler Building. Total of 175 units, with display front models. I enjoyed a stay on the 10th floor. Surrounded by windows, Coates said, “it’s like being in a glass box, with a polished concrete floor, and because it’s tilted plus includes a private spa, a heated pool, a sun deck, foot-washing pods, and around-the-clock concierge service.”



► **OBAMA 2008:** Tyga (seen here right) is the best-looking man in the Hood. Chris Brown (left), Ameriie (center), the Givers and Curtis Martin (far left) are just some to take money for breast cancer research.



### A The Ultimate Bar and Dining Room

Pull up a vintage leather Lucite barstool to this all-white granite bar, decorated by the acclaimed George for Absolut. Rotating panels are backlit to show off your fine collection of whiskey, vodka, and rum. Then take your drink over to the seating area for dinner around the low-slung steel sofa, which has the best view in the apartment.

### The Media Room

Everyone needs a room that can accommodate high volume and pulley projection. With dual 100-inch plasma screens and full internet access,ammers and softspeakers by Yamaha & Dolby, this is their room. The soft-tail-caged mezzanine is courtesy of David Chu. The design is more traditional than classic to cover every surface here in shades of slate blues and coppery

> Looking radiant, **Lena Thurner** (far right) visits the master bedroom, while **Antonique Kellie Goude** shares a moment after hosting a cancer research fund-raiser held in our living room.



> **Carson Daily** raises the rock 'n' roll sign as he presents the Louisville Kentucky for Lifeline held at the apartment until the wee hours of the morning.



## (the apartment)



### The Master Bedroom

There's nothing quite like a morning cup of coffee to brighten up the day through a successful road to making windows. That's the idea behind this Huntsville design of the ultimate master bedroom for Calvin Klein. The clean, modernized space features a bed surrounded by floor-to-ceiling windows. A 10-foot by 10-foot expanse of many windows, and not one but two heavy 200-square-foot pool side nightstands from the mid-1960s. Calvin Klein's. An intimate seat by my window overlooking the driveway and trees adds to the day with a steaming coffee.



### The Living Room

Plenty of pillows and soft fabrics dominate the living room, designed by Carson Daily and his wife, Jennifer. The sofa, which is covered in a light-colored fabric for an ADA center or in the middle of the room, is flanked by two large black leather armchairs and a 42-inch flat-screen television, perched on a black leather platform. Large windows provide the opportunity to sit on the large sofa or lie enormous windows whose views extend from the northern edge of Brooklyn to the Statue of Liberty.



by andy lang Jr.

FIVE MORE RECORDS  
WORTH YOUR  
LUNCH MONEY

They're a dime a dozen these days, so it's no surprise that most singer-songwriter albums leave you disappointed. John Vanderslice's *Cellar Door* is not one of those records.

## A Songwriter Who Matters



**THESE ARE DOG DAYS FOR SO-CALLED** serious songwriters. Show me one who's happy with his lot in life and I'll show you the record label he's signing off. That's why it's no thing to know the sound of one head chomping, it's no other to deserve. And that's what makes San Francisco's John Vanderslice the most important songwriter of the moment. His songs depict lonesome individuals with a rare warmth and clarity. And nowhere has the vitality of his vision been more clear than on *Cellar Door*, an album as dramatic and affecting, you get the feeling that Vanderslice won't be lonely at a lecture for very long.

To be fair, Vanderslice's lyrical depth and quirky arrangements have already made him a member of the exclusive songwriter class. He's managed by indie rock royalty like Bright Eyes, Spoon, and Death Cab for Cutie. After getting attention in the mid-overlooked

Indie experimental pop world via TV taping and producing a who's who of young San Franciscans, Vanderslice announced with a debut that featured the new influences song "Tell Green Must Die," the plaintive tale of an internet aphrodisiac who blames Microsoft for his absence. And while media reports of his being signed on by Microsoft were revealed as Vanderslice's and twin Andy Kaufman-like doppelgängers, the follow-up *Cellar Door*—which sounds nothing if not serious, full of commanding poise—tells of closer pop structures, quirky associations, and lyrics appropriated from Robert Lowell's and Wilfred Bisho's poetry. *Cellar Door* blends pop and poetry equally well, yet it's surprisingly only more evocative, bringing listeners into an intimate space. It's a place around a decent album—work that, for those who whisper and find themselves representing acrossness and Norman Mailer, all need by double doses of self-delusion, as good as nothing. Twenty-five years of dogmatic, church bells, and tangoes perfectly punctuate the dialogue. *Cellar Door* also features a trio of tracks that find Vanderslice laying out the first person to reveal a flesh by heavy metal details that the Marquis de Sade could barely dream of: a season's worth of the Supreme. Most notable is a string quartet that recalls being appalled the realities of a knock-off ("The morning the drop-up, My species were all laid out.")

What's most impressive about *Cellar Door* is that for all its complexity and intricacy, it never hangs down under the weight of its own heftiness. At its heart, in a perfect pop album, is humanism and its thought provoking. And the ring of confidence in Vanderslice's voice causes a hopeful tone against tragic tales. These days, merely discovering a songwriter this sharp and convincing gives us hope enough. \*

**Elbow, *Cast of*  
*Threeceds* (IV)** At last a brilliant album that redeems itself. Outnumbered as a fifth member, the robust Head Bros, a tiny English basement with a cast of doleful-sounding guitars like the Iggy Pop of the nineties that create little more than occasional blazes of joy in the undercurrent. *Cast of* (Cesar Chen) **January 20**

**Stevie Nicks, *Savage*  
is this (Capitol)** Mrs. Doctor may be dangerous to your health, but these blues are an absolute delight. Known for her power, she's now refined. The legendary Nicks behind the round face has cracked a wonder fully look. They're worth the price of admission. The music is too shiny, with her **January 27**

**Van Halen, *Van*  
And I'm Tangled With You** (RCA) It's been a decade since the musical star, Van Halen, joined the ranks of the lesser post-Rolling Stones accomplishments. What Van Halen's clearly achieved is a complete record that never sounds forced. The opening single, "Outsider," is a rousing embodiment of Nicks' title kept secret.

**Butterfly Room,  
Nostalgia** (JAMM) With a sense as mysterious as the name, this record's author, an anonymous literary sots, memorably quotes apocalyptic sayings of stars, like, "Are there any stars? Are there any stars?" And then you hear the voice of the singing Prime Minister, like in the bigger, darker saying. **January 27**

**Refugee Tel Aviv,  
Map of Where We Go** (DFA) **Karenin's** benefit! **Get down and dirty!** Politics they call, "Sapiential heat," these Hebrews think. **January 27** **These Hebrews** are from statuette girls to illustrate why they do what they do. Here, like Nelly, and Eminem, are men of choice. They dispense with gory gross or chestnut, slippery textures and misery beats. \*

## DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1930



*Esquire*



[What I've Learned, 2004] Our third annual collection of wisdom, wonder, and wildness from fourteen legendary lives...and one master»



Interviewed by MIKE SAGER

# Jack Nicholson, 66

**T**hey're prescriptions. That's why I wear them. A long time ago, the middle Americans in the movie have thought it was a bit different maybe. But the truth is very strong in modern culture. And there's no room for compromise. You're born in a public life; you have to accept the notion of shields. I was a person who is trained to look other people in the eye. But I can't look into the eyes of everyone who wants to look into mine. I can't emotionally cope with that kind of violence. Sunglasses are part of my armor.

I hate being naked. I'm getting it.

I hate going where, because people won't take it.

I have diabetes. I'm trying to have my blood changed. I'm probably the only blindfold who read *Warren*, by Alan Delevier. I want to know, you understand? I like listening to everybody. This is me in the closet of life.

I don't think more people have a very good understanding of intimacy and the importance it plays in our lives. People today are too competitive about intimacy, so it needs to have some other value in order to be able to fit into our participant view of the world. But if you're playing golf to get a kiss, it isn't golf, you know what I mean?

I was particularly proud of my performance in *The Jerk*. I considered it a piece of pop art.

The camera photographs what's there.

Right now, I'm upset because I was supposed to leave the weekend in play golf, I just finished. Me, two straight years of work. I change. I'd take some time for myself. I figured that this weekend I'd be able to get out there on the golf course. And then, boom! There goes my hamstring. And here's the rub. Either that just goes regular or I break and say, "Okay, you have every excuse in the world to lay on your ass this weekend and watch the golf games." I have to be a Colombo. I have to complain, "Son of a b\*tch, I've been. I've made. Where's the business gonna get? Secret?" I've already named it too early and hasn't it begun? How long is it gonna take to build? Here I suddenly realized that *The Jerk* was worse?

After September 11, I held my tongue. All of the public positions had been taken—flat, square, good, evil. I had nothing more to add. So I thought, *Shut in the closet*, you know what I mean? That's why I've done a couple years' worth of *research*.

I'm pretty well balanced, so this, but I only need the space pages.

The fuel for the engine but in the ability to have private theories.

Photograph by LUC ASINGER/WIREIMAGE.COM  
by SAN JONES

The shadow through bedsheet? You were born apart, although it wasn't the spouse? Two men? It's been the most fun to watch. I always said, "Batman and his friend. Night games and night games." Even in a bed it appealed to me. The bedsheet players were out of sight. They had great costumes. There was that certain rightness, possibly delusion, about it that year bloodbath.

I'm the age where we didn't have television as kids. So when I saw my nieces and nephews watching *Howdy Doody*, *Kukla*, *Fran* and *Ollie*, and so forth, I thought the world had gone mad.

If you think about those old shows, they all had puppets. And somehow I think, symbolically speaking, that has contributed to a paternalistic lack of ability to accept personal responsibility. It's why the baby boomers are such convergence theorists. I've not seen it with a anybody else who seem to be less trigger the ad and I don't. Just that as a man, symbolic progression, that all adds up to more reverences. People are so reverent. They don't want to take responsibility for their failures. There's always an excuse, you know? It's always, "This and that's why" or "This happened to me and that's why" everyone has the impulse to point at figures elsewhere. They point at the puppet. Who did it? Not me.

I always hesitate to say things like that in interviews because they tend to come back to haunt you, but if I were an Arabic American, I would sooner or later be profiled. This is not the case for civil rights. There are larger issues for Americans.

Lastly, I love de-emphasizing what writers think of as other star work. The laughs and the flaps, the accents—I don't want to be bothered. You gotta make it come from the inside. It's all about who you are. There's all you can really contribute. I feel

"Earth母亲" my new picture, something's Gotta Give. It's the real reason I do have. Diane Keaton is my favorite person to work with in history. She's so much fun. She's so much fun. She's so much fun. Diane Keaton could have been the leading woman in every picture you've ever done," and I thought, *Maaaaaaan*.



## (What I've Learned) THE MASTER

autobiographical about whatever I do.

I was talking to Bozo from the phone today. I told him it was interesting that there managed to leave me off that long list of Blacked actors they published in some article. I told him, "I'm still looking there!" I consider it an accomplishment because that's probably an actor who's undoubtedly brilliant acting better academically than I do or actually uses it more in his work. But he hasn't—nobody really sees that. It's perhaps rather subtle, I suppose.

I believe it's true, I suppose. I had a Master in the sense of presidential privilege. How could anyone conceive of being president of the United States and then not feel every single thing that you say or do can become a part of the public record? I just assume we're supposed to. A man sends a private letter. With no ability to have a private life once things leak to the outside and before you know it we have Bill and Monica. Why should we expect more?

My motto is: more good times.

I think I've done okay. My responsibility for my success is as well as my failures. But when I look at my professional successes, I always look with the feeling that maybe I should have done more. These are my private feelings. I am such a perfectionist. I always feel overqualified. In the abstract, I know I'm a good person, a good professional, but it's nice to be noticed a little bit, too.

I'm certainly not so tough on people. I'm not a fighter, and so forth. I'd just as soon go home.

Children give you lots of reassurance that it can't have without them.

I certainly know my Father. He just didn't happen to be my biological father.

That is correct; I didn't hear that my sister was really my mother until I was thirty-seven years old. But life has taught me this: there have been a lot of things that I didn't know. If I start giving what I didn't know more weight because of the half-digested view of an analytical life, it's working against yourself. Acceptance, the positive, that's what I say. It's a trick, but it works.

Here's another odd sentence: It's very easy to go down, so always keep an attitude oriented upward.

If I got off people had no impression of me. As a kid, I had to tell my own family, "Please just don't care about me."

Because they always get it wrong. Always. I just didn't want them to tell anyone anything about me. And, I guess, they had a great opinion and they loved me and meant well, but it was like, "Please you don't have this right. You know what I mean?"

Then depression because of plausibility and then they have anxiety where women do not.

When it's over for a woman, it's over. You're not getting us up.

There's a lot of agreement in the nation today that the white male is the only legitimate target for any and all satire, criticism, and so forth. And we pretty much just accept it.

A lot of people in the middle of their lives have a secret yearning for more relevance.

I don't know if this is a true statistic, but I based somewhere

that there are three times as many single women over forty as single men. That's what we got from the women's movement. The checklist basic needs to make.

I respect the social groceries enormously. How to pass the food. Don't yell from one room to another. Don't go through a closed doorway without a knock. Open the doorway for the food. All these millions of simple household behaviors make for a better life. We can't live in constant rebellion against our parents—it's just silly. I'm very well mannered. It's not an abstract thing. It's a shared language of expectations.

It had to be the most pleasant highlight in my life over the last decade or more: the things I'll never would pretty much recreate moments with my children. You know how it goes: They write a story or a poem and just read it to you. You sit there. They're so picky. Every time he writes his first sentence, it's so amazing. Big guy, doesn't have his own boutique, it's called First. Still's also designing clothes. I have to tell you, I'd done a godly laundry and ironing for David for 40 hours since then. I'm ever doing for my picture of my son. That's what you're drawn to do when you know kids. I have to keep myself in check when I go to the kids' sports events. I'm worried the other mom will think I don't do enough cleaning. You know what I mean? I've still not quite adjusted to this modern school of thought: Oh, it doesn't matter who wins. I'm not in that way there yet, but I accept it when the book ends.

I think the Greeks invented sports as an antidote to philosophy. In sports there are absolute rules. It's not, What about that? What about that? Either you're in or you're out. It's an easy game, but it's not the keep or not of the keep. It's a reason to live, grow out of talking like I have something when I don't.

I'm a pretty liberal Democrat, but I now also think the way off the rat of here too. I was alive in World War II. We turned off all the lights, so if people might come running up the beach in that climate, what else were you going to do? We didn't have a choice then. And we don't really have one now. I don't know what else bands can do. We just have to set up a game.

Why can't somebody see modern intelligence and relate it to that?

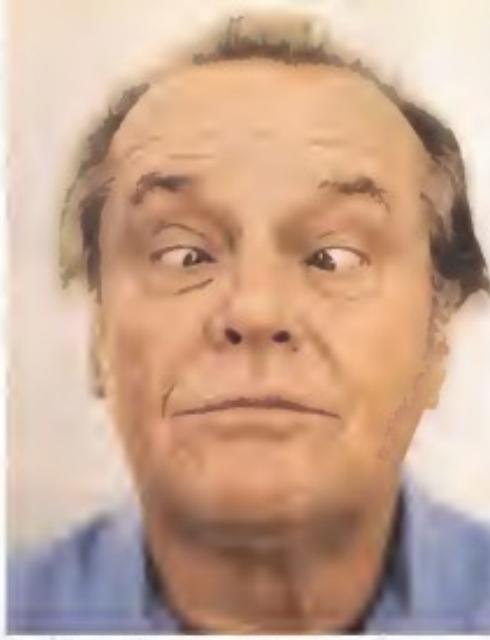
What would it be like to look Bozoey Spotted? I can answer that question. Environmental. Life altering.

My chapter is in there. Lately all I've been thinking about is, Would you please give a pair of pants that's not, you know, down below your waist?

What do I do well as a father? I do this all the time. I give unconditional love. And it has a lot of faults in terms of getting them to express themselves. I'm good with hand gestures—they can tell me what their problem is—except I've had a lot of problems in life myself. I make an effort to express them so things I want them to have a deep, inner feeling that it's all right to be happy that you don't need to be constantly analyzing problems that you don't really have.

A lot of my life lessons were learned as a child, grinded on the boardroom.

I made all established initially. My religious basically is in the marketplace, to live on the nose. It's an old cliché, I know, but it's true.



A lot of times you gotta be there alone if you don't wanna be.

I was influenced to golf by a player I saw in Kyoto, Japan '90s on a wall of one of the temples. It tells about this big archery tournament that had been held there. It's this long rectangle. At the end is a four-wall square. The participants would sit in a cross-legged position, and they'd have to shoot the arrows off the wall without hitting the wall. And the world record in the event was something like 100 straight arrows. Knowing sports in the positive sense, that's what I'm gonna do. This is a started thinking of golf as their art.

I don't play competitively. I tell everybody that I don't in the won/lose ratio with me. That's why you can't watch football. Everybody's jostling. They don't want to be in the group. They want the spread.

I get pretty... nuts. Nobody pulls or screws my meat more than I do. But the toughest days are when I get home and realize, Holy shit! They were right! Like I'm an asshole! And this happens at least once in every picture, where you just... you're just so sorry, you're stuck. But take guy who's home when I'm not? And they just get home and you have that moment of holy shit.

The practice of sex is very difficult. You go into that situation and there is empirical evidence of what proves alone, and no matter how good they say you are, will you ever half of what you do is prove that? You can be really self-embarrassing about it if you want.

I love working with women doctors. They don't mind making you eat.

I'm very fortunate in the sense that outside of celebrating relationships and so forth, I've always got you as well as yourself.

I always ask myself a theoretical question: If I had started out today, would I have wanted up doing pom-poms to make a living?

The less people know about me the easier my job is.

Always try to interview or read the credits about the problems of public life.

Always try to read interviews. ■

# Christopher Reeve, 51

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN | STYLING AND PROPS: JEFFREY L. BROWN | HAIR AND MAKEUP: KAREN COOPER | STYLING ASSISTANT: CLAIRE MCKEE | PROPS: CHRISTOPHER REEVE

• We all have more grace, strength and internal resources than we know. My advice is that you don't need to break your neck to find out about them.

Many people at fifty think they've already started to go downhill. I actually think they appear I nearly died at forty-nine, a motorcycle accident had to recenter me, shall we say? I survived the accident, survived the surgery, survived colitis, pneumonia, blood clots, broken bones, and a severe allergic reaction to a drug that almost killed me in July 1995. I've been to the other much harder than I ever expected. The fact that I've still been growing rather than losing ground, is very rewarding.

• Abe Lincoln put it very simply in 1860: "When I do good, I feel good. When I do bad, I feel bad. That's my religion."

• Perhaps not saying what you mean is part of the grease that keeps the wheels of society turning. But I've come to believe that it's a waste of time. I've got nothing to lose, so I say exactly what I think.

• We have a government that, generally speaking, does not respond to the people. Seventy percent of the American public supports stem-cell research. And yet it's already



been based by the House and stalled in the Senate. And we have no fiscal policy. All the excitement proceeded in 1996, when embryonic cells were first identified, but very much died down, because scientists didn't know what's going to happen in the future. Probably the saddest thing is that most young doctors who would like to go into stem-cell research say, "I can't go into that because that may not be going anywhere. For a while, and I've got to pay off my student loans."

**Hasn't your education, environmental activism, or advocacy**

**Superman is a big fish in a small pond. His Superman on Earth only became he's in a different solar system. If he'd grown up on Krypton, if Krypton had not been destroyed, he might have been average—making special achievements. That allowed me to develop the character and make him quite cool!**

**I've never had a dream in which I'm dead.**

**Three mornings a week, I work out on a stationary bicycle. I'm riding about eight miles at 45 rpm's. The prep and the doing of it take about four hours.**

**Some people are walking around with full use of their bodies and they're more paraplegic than I am.**

**In the first few years after the accident, people were afraid me respectful. I remember going on Letterman. He was so nervous, almost reverent, that I had to catch jokes to keep the interview alive. But over the years, that's seriously disappointed because people use that I'm having a full and active life. Now it's about the other way around. What happened to the guy?**

**Out of Ohio State, a group of engineering students came up with a car that runs on electricity and goes 241 miles on a charge. We could do it if we wanted to. But right now, the country is controlled by people who don't want to.**

**Bob Williams is a gift to the world.**

**I don't obsess about money anymore. By not trying to hold on to it, by not trying to hoard it, by being generous with it, it somehow comes back.**

**It relieves. It new book extremes. Good relationships grow stronger, and ones that were in trouble fill again.**

**I used to cry on my wife, Dava, all the time. "I really put the encourage words to her. This is not what we meant by 'n' ichieve and in health!'"**

**You get used to the need to be taken care of in the beginning. I'm often accused of being too aggressive with researchers, saying, "Why can't you do better? Why can't you get to the bottom of this?" Please appreciate the fact that our patient population is waiting to assume a reasonable role."**

**Giving in fear is not living at all.**

**I had the privilege of playing Katherine Hepburn's grandson in a play. Perhaps because she's losing lots of children by now, this had to be adapted for the date that we wrote together, which was about eight months in '75 and '76. She was very lively, but also very demanding. She set a high standard and, for her part, but for the people she cast above. So I was down in more deeply than I thought I would be. At the time, I sometimes felt overwhelmed by the challenge of living up to her expectations. Her nature was "no compromise." I remember thinking, That's sort of like Bob Ross saying Little Lingers. Just let the ball."**

**Business is finding satisfaction in giving a little more than you take.**

**It's been relatively easy to get the support of politicians who have an emotional connection to disease and disability. The easiest Senator Blanche Lincoln is a superhero with spinal cord injury. You probably know Rep. Jim Langevin, who has a spinal cord injury, fighting for stem-cell research beyond the limitations imposed by Bush in August 2001, and you think back to the early '80s, when she and her husband were in office and opposed federal funding for AIDS research. Thousands of people died. It's helpful that she's a sailing senator to back shore-to-shore in creating more voice-cell lines. But the way I see it, she's doing a huge job because Senator doesn't recognize her. Why do people not understand it?**

**I've learned to ignore my moods.**

**So really become free inside taken either courage or disease. Certainly in my life I recommend courage.**

**If you come back here in ten years, I expect that I'll walk to the door to greet you.**

# Lynda Carter, 52

Photo by Michael Edwards; styled by Michael Edwards; hair and makeup by Michael Edwards

**MICHAEL EDWARDS**

**The short answer is: Yes, there are hardships to being a young, beautiful woman. People just act weird.**

**Christopher Reeve was always creating. He was amazing before he was amazing.**

**My mother was about five and watching TV when I got a call that the pilot episode of Wonder Woman was going to be shown. And I said, "Mom, can I change the channel?" for just a second? I went to show you something." I switched the channel, and she watched it, and then she said, "Can I turn back to the cartoon?"**



**Syring and nymph are very different.**

**A syring woman is not threatened. It's okay to be assertive, talk away to be firm. It's okay to be vulnerable and protective. It's not a sign of weakness to feel. It's okay to be supportive of your guy. It's not about control.**

**Tough is about control and annihilating the feminine.**

**Guests of guests may not bring guests.**

**This sounding agency I'd given to writing on the Miss USA question, and would I want to run around in a bikini? Not. But a reader and voter told me one day, "There was a blonde, I saw Miss USA. Didn't even sing. There was no talent. It was pretty and nice."**

**I didn't do enough.**

**There's only a certain amount of flattery applying that men can take before they shut down.**

**Someone who expects to be impressive doesn't usually impress me.**

**I chose to play Wonder Woman as a regular person. The costume and the dress took care of three-quarters of it. You have to act like Wonder Woman.**

**Public service is an important part of our life. We got to ad- ual, intangible-being syndrome was a tough one to decide to do. You're telling about losses. When they first came to me I said, "I do I think so." I actually laughed—not at first of them. But then I talked to my mom, and she encouraged me to do it. The truth is, there are so many people who suffer. Did**

**it ever occur to you why there are so many ads on TV about antidepressants and locusts? Twenty percent of the population! It can be what used to be called "hypnotic releases." That is, having on a casual, or else being unable to go to the bathroom, for five or six days and becoming blunted and having a constant abdominal pain. It's not fatal—but it destroys your life.**

**Every age has its charms.**

**How are about hormones? They walk into a room. Women eat the top dog, and then sit where they want in relation to every one else. Women are about consciousness. They walk into a room and look to see who they know, who they can bring together.**

**A woman provided a home at my lifetime. I think Hillary has provided the way that it's supposed to happen, whether you like her or not.**

**I had an every great woman at a great meal.**

**Kids are people because I'm trying hard not to fix my kids.**

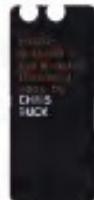
**I watch TV, and try on it's marketplace like a game. It's the nature that it's looking to. You are the God-Dad, the Person On the Movie-God. He's just trying to see what's on the line. "I'll try this one on this week." I guess you go through all those interactions until you realize you're not your father and you don't need a east at all.**

**Agreeable take some ground up to Texas? my never, but that still makes me nervous. I've seen some way bad-looking people.**

**Honest and hell are right here. People who live for the here after will probably never get there because the hereafter will always be the hereafter. Even if there was a hereafter when we get there it would be now.**



# Adam West, 75



- **Adam West's Bed—and make it a durable**
- I have a chihuahua you, but the breeders were only thirty-two miles away.
- I grew up on a ranch in Wells, Willie Washington. Except we never, I don't remember anyone in my family being anything else but ranchers.
- You been almost everywhere. But you never been to the steppes of Luria. It's something I've always wanted to do. I heard there's a yurt milking contest there.

The person I've met who's most impressed me? Kristen Bell! She would have to be either Lindsey Stirling or the page.

- The page which the coroner gave. It was Page that I was in Europe, and a lot of us from the cast and the industry were there. There was Michael Madsen and Geraldine Chaplin and all these people. And Adam West. I wondered why the hell I was invited. Suddenly, it was my turn to go up and kiss his ring. He stuck out his own hand, but I couldn't kiss his ring because I was so damn nervous. I thought if I leaned over, I'd fall into his lap. What impressed me was that he looked up at me and he said, "Well, Adam West!"
- **AMERICA** (Popcorn). I love **Paparazzi**! Suddenly a speaking English readily and he's saying, "I've seen all of your shows. Every episode!"

• An Indian papercraft master "the flying mouse." I'm not too happy to tell you that.

- The word that worries me is "froil." I don't want to be froil. And if I am, then I hope to hell my intellect will take over and I'll find some kind of joy you end a way to contribute. Which is what Christopher Reeve is all about.

• Getting to the studio is writing everything that's not said.

- The night our first episode aired on NBC—"Hi, Eddie Rabbitt"—I stopped at the market on the way home. I thought, "Tonight I just went to be alone. I'll stop for a sandwich, whatever, then go home and watch the debut of the show. As I walked through the chicken line, I heard people

saying, "C'mon, c'mon, hurry up, it's not coming out" and I said to myself Goodbye, anonymity. I didn't dwell on it, because I'd asked for it.

I was a little better when I realized Batman earned me a lot of roles afterward. There was a lot of house and so on. But then I had to repeat, Hey, look, how many stars get to create a character their enduring because it's just so跌倒? How many actors become so soon? I mean, I should be doing a funeral.

Acting can be a lonely profession when you have no stage and no camera.

It's important to realize the amount of trash that we generate. What are we gonna do about it? I don't know. I was in Italy, and the Arno was filthy. There was trash everywhere in Florence. You see it in Naples, in South America and Mexico. I'm not denigrating these people at all. But we've got to somehow get together and say, Hey, let's not trash our planet. Maybe we could find some way to send busses of trash to the sun and incinerate it all. Hey, it's ideas. It's up to us!

Now, I could just ignore and how to make the fuel to get to the sun.

There are themes to my kind of rampage. Which celebrities would you like to see in public office in about ten years? Celebrities people who live there or have a house there. Arnold, Jason Lee, Curtis. Tim Robbins. A few others. And Adam West. And I was—honestly! So pale that, Arnold.

• There was no blood in Arkansas, and nobody ever got injured—except in the making of it.

• Anything that injures good memories can't be all bad.

• **Liam Neeson**: Listen!

Obviously we have *Batman* commercials like the *Twinkie People* turn out by the thousand. Do you know how rewarding it is to receive the wrath of these people? I've never been sad or depressed or disgruntled or angry with the fact that I didn't do the one *Batman* movie for the really big money. No regrets.

• If you have some wise sense of humor—it will get you through. Really that was what *Batman* was all about. It's the center of the shield that kids could believe in. And if you got older, you remained the humor.

• Wisdom is knowing when to shut the fuck up.

# Lauren Hutton, 60

**CHILD** **OF** **LAW:** Lauren Hutton's dad, Shelly, was a trial lawyer who was a graduate of New York City's Juilliard School. **BESTIE:** LaDonna.

giving delivery. I was laughing and wrote that title as the subtitle of *My Coming*. This got me. I want to update that one again. In the other projects, Shelly would come over and find me in the swimming pool of bugs like gnarled oak leaves. He'd look at her head, then looked at me. And as he turned from Charles and having given me my *Look It!* training sessions in the Congo is not like eating chocolate covered nuts. They're big girls. Two inches long, oily, and full of each other. They have big wings. They por<sup>n</sup>! See the wings as Chapman's. They have legs with gripping hooks so every foot that they are hook on is wood. Shelly has the head as he's coming at you, which stops her from breaking up your lips with those hooks. They're chela<sup>n</sup>—name like Brazil rats—though I didn't quite name them the second time because I was scared on paper when lightning hit the air. And thank you for letting me tell that story because it was a great time and I'm happy to remember it.

• **Travel in no luggage:**

The closer we get to each other, the less enemies we have.

Shakespeare is a reason to believe in slopes. Most authors have six plus per book. Shakespeare had two per audience.

A Wim-Ricard singalong is one of the all-time great things to have.

Goals are real important to little girls. More than legs to show off, it's a place to practice your sexuality. It's as animal that's out there. You and your mother say no. We are the same sexual, come out of the same sexual—which is an awesome connection that that other one took around, that new-haven thing, this-moment DNA—it's terribly exciting. Does believe you know about me? A man?

- **Clothes:** That's facing yourself.
- Nature never does anything just for fun. It will throw fun at us, but nothing is there just for fun.
- Once people you talk to tell the memory they have is like a Polaroid memory, out of their mouths.
- I found that man who was famous for making love, is not life and on the screen, but three or four times. They give air to a human. He uses their women to make certain boys—they learned from that.
- When the termites swarm, it's a big, giving database. I was laughing and wrote that title as the subtitle of *My Coming*. This got me. I want to update that one again. In the other projects, Shelly would come over and find me in the swimming pool of bugs like gnarled oak leaves. He'd look at her head, then looked at me. And as he turned from Charles and having given me my *Look It!* training sessions in the Congo is not like eating chocolate covered nuts. They're big girls. Two inches long, oily, and full of each other. They have big wings. They por<sup>n</sup>! See the wings as Chapman's. They have legs with gripping hooks so every foot that they are hook on is wood. Shelly has the head as he's coming at you, which stops her from breaking up your lips with those hooks. They're chela<sup>n</sup>—name like Brazil rats—though I didn't quite name them the second time because I was scared on paper when lightning hit the air. And thank you for letting me tell that story because it was a great time and I'm happy to remember it.
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- **You get smarter as you get older. And what could be better? Being smarter is better than sex. And there was nothing I had better than sex.**
- **Did I ever punch anybody out when I was a kid? Are you kidding? Dolly! I used to do what bugs did. What did you think—I liked dolls? I liked dolls only to take 'em apart and see what the hell made 'em tick. I was a doll beheader. A doll serial murderer.**
- I always reflect past. "Learn to dismay. Don't show them the same old face over and over."
- No model makes it if she has a big head.
- The neighbour tribe Bob and I our lived with was the Kikuyu. They were like the Kenyans. They're like the Kenyans. They fought their upper and lower levels. Faded 'em. No guide would go up to meet the Kikuyu. But look some how knew that they weren't going to kill us. And so we went.
- We think clothes are more worthy than leaves, which is bullshit. There's some serious style out there in the bush.
- What's the difference between love and lust? You're just going to the core of the natural drives. You guys are made to spread the seed. We're made to carry you off, rape you down, and make you take care of the kids for the next few years. It's a constant battle.
- Susan's make job over and over and over is to make a masterpiece.
- I was a Playboy bunny for three months. It was a good experience because it taught me pussy power.
- I told Henry Kissinger, "No big's pussy for you!"
- I happen to have known very intimately a couple of acrobats in my lifetime. They're extremely wild animals. Get me hot I mean, I know it was wrong, and of course I never would have gotten into those. Because they might have gotten bare naked down my ass, seriously.
- The last of us kind is being killed every single day.
- Does evolution mean covering every inch of space until there's nothing but us, reaches, flats, and mountains? Why do we have to evolve like that? All I would take is a little bit of planning by women who can clean house. It's a difference in thought. We



like things now. We want it beautiful! We want a gorgeous place. We want everyone fed. We want everyone warm. We're little dictators. Why just eat of everything but ice and the salad?

• As much as I love guitars, I really love winds.

• Almost five years ago, I'd put on five pounds and I had a big, big job coming up. I had to get them off fast, so we went to the Duke for fast. I had some of the biggest guys I've ever seen. Four of us formed a group and hung out. Two were big black guys from Massachusetts. They were maybe 6'70 pounds. Can that be true? I would sit on his knee and sit on his feet.

• I don't like artificial runway. I like real runway.

• Beyoncé should be shopped.

• Women will be shocked that half of all governments are made up of women.

• Dennis is a chick movie producer. He just sat there in script meetings and told ideas: "These young ladies would come in and say, 'Hey, how about that?' And he'd say, 'Okay, I won't give you credit, but I'll give you development money.' Two hundred thousand." And then somebody came in with the long-hair idea. In the face of a financial crisis, the world changes!

I have a memory from about three minutes before it happened to two and a half weeks ago yesterday. I was wondering what the black asphalt looked like. It was a new asphalt at this place called Valley of Fire or Nevada, with all those strange mountains. It was like a cloud Painter cartoon. A bird flew like sky. Dripping hills. I'm on the back of the largest and slowest bus, faster than I'd ever gone. I wasn't looking at my speedometer, or else I would have pulled up, because you never drive that fast unless you're really, really good. And even though I had a bus ticket, it was eighteen. I wasn't really good. Somebody who ate me said I went two miles on a two-mile, 60-almost-of-miles-and-therefore-free trip up in the air on the back of my bus. And there's no what I want to nose-dive because it's a lot of money. Right? They said I jumped out of the back of the bus. I did. I fell. I hit the ground. I fell down and rolled. I came down and hit the side of the mountain and went about 700 feet on my butt. Neither Jennifer Lopez nor I had exchanged my balloon, which I chose a cover, for one that did. If I had the cover, the rock would have rolled out my eyes, my nose, my teeth, and probably disfigured my face. They would have curved off the center front of my head. But because of the virus, all the rocks and rocks got included up my arm. Three of them. Jerry's idea is cool.

The rocks out of my arm. All the rocks who I was with that day did something that was crucial to saving my life. The entire experience made me realize how big a family I have. • The more complicated an organization, the better it is when it goes bad!

• I have no choice but to say, "Do you think I should let my daughter be a model?" There's this beautiful, grace, tall girl who says, "I'll say 'No, she's fat!'" The mother will say, "Fourtastic." And I'll say, "Why don't you just shoot her?"

You know how Ronald Reagan became president? For ten years on television, he spread this door-to-GI refrigerator full of food.

• You know that when rock 'n' roll started, it was eighteen when both cerebral came over the ocean? I was twenty-one when you could get real that was real, not styrofoam, pure-Easy-Bake crap. I had a healthy forty teeth.

• I'm having good questions because in answering them you always learn about yourself, which is the most fascinating subject around.

# Christie Brinkley, 49

**Photographed at home in Bridgehampton, New York. Add your photo by STEPHEN DANIELSON**

• Oh, gosh, I know all the bland jokes. There's a blond walking along the side of the road. All of sudden the other's a blond on the other side and she calls out, "Hey do you know how to get to the other side?" And the second blond says, "You are on the other side!" I can laugh.

• Castle cutting is the most fun you can have on a boat.

I photographed the romance between Roger Leonard and Robert De Niro. The "Sex and the City" fight. She first came to me, like De Niro had a stomachache. I photographed them parting on an escalator as he stumbled between roars and roars. Later I called him for that shot. I'd watched the fight in full. I was at the eight-second weight-in that morning, and De Niro didn't make it. I had pictures of the twelve-second weight-in, where he did make it. And I knew what he was doing during those four hours, because, trust me, all that staff is there to make the weight. And you know, those last two don't stop working just because the fight's over. They'll get you makeovers in the room . . . and that's what they hypothesized. No make-out on the bathroom!

• One of my mom's big experiences was, "Honey, live each day like it's your last." This has led to a very interesting life. There aren't many causes of this world that I haven't adventured in. Then again, there aren't many causes I haven't backed.

• The best beauty secret is makeup.

• Oppenheimer, what were you thinking? Nuclear energy should have been our scientists' deepest, darkest secret, to be taken to the grave.

• Art is what makes us human.



When I was photographed editorially, I felt as if I was part of the process. I was constantly trying to visualize the page. I thought they wanted a horizontal double-page spread. I was constantly trying to give the photographer new ways of seeing me horizontal.

• I am too busy to be held back by stereotypes.

It's a funny thing with models: You're going to be posing in a silly bikini. You go to the location with your bikini no under your clothes. When it's time to pose, a lot of girls will look for a place to hide their clothes off where people aren't looking. Then they'll reappear in something much sharper than the set of sitting-by-the-clothes-off.

This way people respond to it as if it's art. When I was doing the Sports Illustrated shoot, it was loud. Woodcock! I actually had to move because we were living on the water and the boats would pull up and start singing "UpTown Girl! Come on! Win! And! Show us your locking out!" The word guitars became just too much. Then all of a sudden I was given the whoop-za-zoo-phone, and someone I'd never met were coming up to me and telling me the same

intense details of their pregnancies.

I knew Disney World like the back of my hand.

Love is sacred, profound, joyous, and all of that. Seven . . . For.

When you're famous, being married to someone who's famous is difficult. Because of people think it's bad but they're not sure, they may walk by, but if they think you're a poser and they see your partner, it's confrontational. Being married to Kelly was like a confirmation lecture.

I've crashed in a helicopter. I've had emergency airplane landings, engine blowouts, hydraulics fail. I've had it with flying.

Hillary Clinton is a really good mom.

I couldn't count the hours I spent by my mom's deathbed. I sang her lullabies and holding them to my eye, caressing. When I got to the church to meet her, there were so many things I wanted to say, and I was overwhelmed that I couldn't talk. She said, "You know how many times people ask me if I'm your mom?" I tried to speak again, but nothing came out.

One model I'd really like to meet is Carolyn Murphy.

Children are important who make adults smile.



# Carolyn Murphy, 30

Photographer: Gorden Smith  
Model: Carolyn Murphy  
Location: California  
Date: March 2001  
Style: Jean Paul Gaultier

• You are overexposed images of us, but I know the person who's walking barefoot, dodging dog poo in the yard.

• It was so inscrutable to people when, at the height of my career, I said, "You know what, I'm gonna go to Costa Rica, leave out for a while, and pretend to be Jane Goodall?" Nobody caught up to the message could understand it. But it made me feel good.

• Love and sex are both about reproduction.

• People that I'm most attracted to, they're not living by any sort of rules. They're the kind of people with stinkies to oil!

• Giving birth was the most amazing thing I've ever done. It'll been Instagram a 100 times, though, and I said, "I'm gonna try to prove that it's not a cliche." I actually did that but in a photo in my living room. I didn't wear a swirl banner—moons! I didn't wear daisies. I had a newborn in a little house in a corner. New York city was built at 1745. I'd bought the house many miles or several months of pregnancy, and I was feeling the energy of all the kids who had been born there and lived there. So it was really like Karmic. I gained a ton more than forty pounds. For always losing. For separation leaves I went through this period experiencing. It was like being a bear. I need it.

• It was easy to run around barefoot in oblivion in Costa Rica. But once I gave birth to my child, I didn't want to be oblivious to the obvious.

• I can't remember the last time I was bound.

• When I won a bid, I thought it was Wonder Woman.

• I've never stood before a mirror and practiced my facial expressions. I would be out surfing in Costa Rica and I would have these prove angles to get out of the water. I could sense the presence of sharks. Once I just had this feeling and started paddling in. Minutes later, a few or seven feet blade-tipped sharks come around. After that, the locals would start coming to shore when Carolyn paddled in.

• No, I've never been up close to an octopus. Why do you ask?

• Aren't you going to tell me about my favorite eye shadow?

• No, I am just jealous because you can't wear makeup.

• When I die, never, I hope to be living in a tree house in the woods. I hope to have hair down to my feet. I hope to type away on a typewriter up there at the tree house, and I hope that my partner, Brendon, will be by my side. I want to have a catenate nearby. And I want to walk around naked all day.

# Jack Black, 34

## Kyle Gass, 43



PHOTOGRAPH BY KYLE GASS

LOS ANGELES, OCTOBER 21, 2004  
BY GREGG SEIDL

**Kyle:** A friend of someone who can help you with your career. Jack has been the best friend.

**Jack:** A friend of someone who doesn't fuckin' wear anything.

**Kyle:** You're too young to hang.

**Jack:** I agree with that, too.

**Kyle:** I don't have many friends. I don't know what happened. I used to have friends.

**Jack:** I also have you, too. "I haven't changed my friends here."

**Kyle:** Who would like to meet? Jesus.

**Jack:** You know, my boy, I turned off. ... I think Jesus would be a big fucking leader. You find out he's not a dude. He would be a really boring human being. His might be like a really lackluster radio. You'd want to know the answer to everything, and he'd say, "How should I know?" I'm just kidding. This person doesn't know how to speak the accent Arabic. Just, like, let's get back to see someone who was ever fucked over. Let's go fuckin' chat it up with Plato.

**Jack:** Hitler about a language barrier. You're not gonna be known as my God. I'd like to meet Hitler when he was an extra in *Audition*. Fucking so&#39;s how. I used to dream about this. I wanted that I went to art school with the Soviets—

**Jack:** You better break up with fucker! Hitler thought. You left it on a really weird note.

**Jack:** OM! I would be just fucking Hitler out of Hitler! him. Maybe you should just work with the painting—

**Kyle:** I feel good with a crap hand in my pocket. I feel like I can give most things away.

**Jack:** I know, in the more money I make, the more money my family needs.

**Kyle:** A lot of people go around saying that our name comes from New York Rock & Roll Hall of Famer Marc Almond. That is a bummer! It's just not true!

**Jack:** But it's good that people have bought into the Marc Almond campaign of misinformation. One day, the truth will be revealed.

**Jack:** The reason I can't fuckin' tell you right now is because it's a central plot point in the upcoming *Tim Burton's D movie*. You will find out why we are named *Transylvanian D*.

**Kyle:** I mean like marriage.

**Kyle:** Nooooo. We're not a married band.

**Jack:** I like nutella and grapefruit juice and maybe a splash of some other juice. Like that fuckin' drink that's like a fucking chocolate milkshake. What is that? Kahlua and whatever? The White Russian? I like a glass of red wine. Love the fuckin'

veritas and the fuckin' infernos? Whoo-humansness. If you really want to party, show us the Eddie's Stage Log! And if you have a finer taste, you might go with a bottle of Moët Chandon champagne.

**Kyle:** The difference between sex and lust is that sex is, like, fucking in both. Lust... When I'm really getting it on, I don't feel like saying, "I think I love you." But sometimes I do because I think they go together, so maybe I should choose it. Or, like, when I'm feeling kind of romantic, sometimes I don't feel like having sex, so they seem kind of separate. You can have love without sex. You can have sex without love. But when you combine the two... that's something special.

**Kyle:** That's deep.

**Jack:** Christiane F. probably gave you the same answer? Doesn't seem like it was, well, ours.

**Kyle:** You get popular stuff, and, like, from an ex-gathering or something, you better believe it's important. You will never get anything that sounds any feelings in an e-mail.

**Jack:** I don't agree with that.

**Jack:** If you have to take care of really personal business or relationship stuff, it's not the way to go. That reminds me: My girlfriend was out of town, and I just took this ring-around-the-world trip. It was like six nights. I came home after her a few days later, and she was still there. She was like, "What the fuck?" My girlfriend thinks it is in the c-word thing, although I'm shattered, and so I was trying to lie, "There's the thing. I can't just pacifying writing." But how can you tell someone that out of that one? She can't. So it was kind of the beginning of the week. I was one of those times where my therapist would say I felt the pain instead of an purpose.

**Kyle:** We've got to talk about global warming. This is really catastrophic. That means all these animal extinction rates, that means human die-off, animal death, and the water levels rising and those goddamn sharks in the Pacific. I think the fish are gonna be really crevvy when states warm. Where field?

**Jack:** *Fourier's Law*, if global warming goes the way people assume, all their maple leafs are the fuckin' orange. Planet of the orange? You know, that's probably me. I can live in that. But it was allowed to have a movie called *Armageddon* to blow our own veins, and it continues to blow me away. *Armageddon*? Right suggestion is what they're saying? Why we'd fucking succeed at that.

**Jack:** I'd like to live to ninety-nine. So let's see, Kyle would be seventy-eight. My plan is to play a visit to Kyle in the old folks' home, tell him, and then take my own life.

**Kyle:** See, Jack's got this thing about not wanting to get old. I want to live until they feel a case for dying.

**Jack:** Kyle will die at ninety-eight. That's the answer to your query. I don't care when he wants to die. Seventy-eight? That's an age when no one's going to say, "Dude, the tragedy!"

# George Foreman, 54

**WHAT I'VE LEARNED**  
from the Champ  
at the Lure  
Jesus Christ  
in His Heaven  
and the Devil  
in His Hell  
about you,  
society, life

**DIM WITNESSES**

• I defend boxers because I've got some problems with my hands, and everywhere I go, people want to impress me with their grip. To make it worse, new women are coming up with their firm shake. So I'll say, "Gimme five!" If a boy wants a hand-shake, I'll just give him a hug.

• I grew up in the Wild West of Houston—the Bloody Fifth, we called it. Every weekend someone got killed.

We couldn't afford a TV. But my Aunt Laoda let me watch her. I'd watch The Dukes of Hazzard and Lonesome Dove and wonder what it would be like to have my own bed. Shutting off a needed nap next to your bed seemed like the height of luxury.

When there was no lunch to take to school, I blew up a brown paper sack to make it look full.

Sometimes my older brothers and sisters would tease me, call me Mo-head. I didn't know why. Sometimes they'd say, "You're not really our brother." They would always say this even before I caught them; they learned that the teasing wasn't worth the consequences.

I left school in eighth grade, ninth grade—something like that.

In the 1968 Olympics, Tommie Smith and John Carlos raised black-gloved fists in the victory stand, and that's all people seem to bring about. My gold medal didn't last much longer when I went home to Houston, but it sure had luster to me. I used that during everything here. There were the days of Nehru jackets and mohair suits, or at least it is. I was a man, a real man, a fighter. The world would come off. A good lady would look pretty again, and I didn't want any more gold to rub off, so I put it in a safe-deposit box. That's where it stayed for years. In the eighties, I moved to Mansfield, Texas. I decided to put that medal in the historical society so the kids could see it and be inspired. The message was you

could come out of this small town and do big things. I won all the children in the world to feel like that could be in them, too, in my children's.

• When I won the title against Joe Frazier, it was everything I ever searched for.

You don't know what it is to be heavyweight champ of the world until you become the heavyweight champion of the world. You hear, "Be cool" so become champ and let that five girls and five Cadillac's. You get five Cadillacs and five girls just because no-and-on but it. It doesn't originate from you. It's not desire or physical strength. It's all guidance.

Most of us are just lost.

• Sandy Saddler, the greatest featherweight champion, gave me some advice after I won the title. I said, "Man, this is big. What do you deal with this size thing?" He said, "George, it's real easy when you're married and faithful to one woman because when you're in the mood, she's in the mood. It gets out of hand when you start messing with others or there people it becomes uncontrollable. When you become uncontrollable, be faithful to one." I just didn't get it at the time.

• I remember how people looked at me as I left the United States for Zaire. "Man, that's George Foreman going to fight Muhammad and Ali." Then they'd drop their heads. Pe'er Methody would give me a straight-on look. It was a funny kind of admiration. These were people too scared to even ask for an autograph.

• The day after I beat Ali, people came by and put a hand on my shoulder and said, "It's okay, George. You'll have another chance." That was pity. From being forced to being pitied. Because there's a long fall.

**Imagine losing everything you think matters to you in ten seconds.**

• I'll tell you how low a man can go. There was a B. King song that went, "Nobody loves me but my mother / And she could be gone," too?

• Well, here where disappointment lodges



## [What I've Learned] THE HEAVYWEIGHTS

As an adult, I found out that my dad, J.D. Forman, was not my biological dad. My mom and J.D. had broken up for a time, and that's when I was conceived. That's why my brothers and sisters called me bio-head. What they were really saying was Motheread. My biological dad was named Leroy Muhammad.

All my sibs are named George Forman. They all know where they came from.

**Changing your nature is the hardest thing to do, but I discovered that you can be who you choose to be.**

Witnessing the trial for a second time from Muhammad was a special moment, but it was nothing beyond that. A week later, people were bringing presents on me, and it was hard because you're gonna act like it's still important. That is very clearly over.

Speaking is the most original thing I've ever done. There's nothing motherfucker than it. You have to be brave.

Losing your mother is the most mysterious lesson. You know how the servants used to, in spirit, minister to the spreadsheets by fire? "The moment you lie to your mother's die, you feel like someone has slipped the lie off the couch." You're just floating away. Floating. Floating. I remember my daughter called and said, "Dad, you worry I'm on my way." All the squalors that has imagined and I was anchored again.

The first thing Muhammad said to my mom when I begged the grill company for \$11,000 million was, "I'm going to make my mother's willfulness. After all those pricks, they're finally going to be all-mature. And they did become all-mature—whether that old-trodded in everybody else."

I love See Prayer. We have an original from her now. A few years back, Joe Muhammad, and I did a video in England. After the taping, we went to a charity dinner with some of

the royal family. They were serving lamb chops with mint jelly—beautiful food. The waiter asked, "Can I get you anything else?" And Joe said, "I want some more gravy, baby." The waiter said, "Do you mean meat sauce?" And Joe said, "Some chopp." And I thought, howe people put on a face for you and a face for someone else. But this man has only one face. "Some chopp." If you understood what he said, why'd you need to answer back?

Joe told me why he had that last fit. Ali Muhammad was calling him an Uncle Tom. Joe would go to school and meet his children, and there'd come home and his wife would hear about it. What happened to Joe was that every morning he'd get up really early, while it was dark, to get the newspaper. He always wore the big hood over his head when he was. And he said, "Man, I don't want my wife thinking I'm peeking into people's windows." The genius is, at the time, Joe didn't get what an Uncle Tom was. He heard Muhammad because he thought Ali was calling him a Preacher Tom. If Muhammad would have explained to Joe what an Uncle Tom was, he might not have ever heard Ali.

Can't retire from comedy  
After I beat Ali in Zaire, I told everybody that I was retired. The ropes were loose, the water was dragged.... Then, once I'd changed my motor, I realized what a bimbo I'd put on this great-ass concert. Why would I go out and spit on the victory to man up the great man's name?

I called Muhammad the other day. I said, "Muhammad, I think I can really get you now in a rematch." And he said, "You crazy?" He doesn't speak rapidly, but he said, "George, I'm coming to see you." He said it with such love. No, I don't have any regrets.

The seventies are the best years. That's when you're never sick. My mother used to tell me, "Now live and leave. Then you die and forget it all."

# Muhammad Ali, 61

Photographed in 1992 in Southfield, Michigan, June 16, 1992. © NEIL LEIFER.

- God will not place a burden on a man's shoulders leaving that he cannot carry it.
- Parkinson's is my coughing Eight. Who I don't have, it's hard to explain. I'm being forced to sit it'll keep growing, so we'll keep my teeth. All great people are tested by God.
- The son is always stronger, stronger.
- I drew back to Louisville after the Olympics with my shiny gold medal. Went to a Kentucky bar where black folks couldn't eat. Thought I'd put them on the spot. I sat down and asked for a meal. The Olympic champs wearing his gold medal. They said, "We don't serve niggers here." I said, "That's okay, I don't eat 'em." And they put me out at the street. So I went down to the river, the Ohio River, and threw my gold medal in it.
- Safer that day, blacks in America have changed 100 percent.
- When you're right, nobody remembers. When you're wrong, nobody forgets.
- Silence is golden when you can't think of a good answer.
- We have one life. It soon will be past. /We've done for God/ is all that will last.
- Goodness! My mother.
- When your mother dies, it really hurts, then with time, you get used to it. That's nature's way.
- My definition of evil is callousness.
- The best way to make your dreams come true is to wake up.



Comedy is a funny way of being serious. My way of joking is to tell the truth. That's the funniest joke in the world.

- It's possible for the heavyweight champion of the world to be with one woman.
- Ever is a rat that catches hearts like fish.
- Bubble is trouble.
- The more we help others, the more we help ourselves.
- I like Joe.
- Watching George come back to win the title got me all excited. Made me want to come back, but then the next morning came, and it was time to start running. I lay back in bed and said, "That's okay, I am still the Greatest."
- If I could meet anybody? The prophet Muhammad.
- What you are thinking about, you are becoming.
- I'm most proud of my family.
- Enjoy your children, even when they don't act the way you want them to.
- Lighting fire trucks in Atlanta didn't make me nervous. Standing up to the government—chart made me nervous.
- Whether it's knowing when you won't be true.
- The one thing I don't understand in war is knocking over blenders in the friggen blender.
- I'd like to live to a hundred.
- I just wish people would love everybody else the way that they love me. It would be a better world.



# Joe Frazier, 59

Photographed at Joe Frazier's Gym in Philadelphia, May 19, 2003, by ANDREW NEUFERDSON

I grew up in Bessemer, South Carolina, in a two-room house with a couple of fishing posts to keep it from falling. I came up in a time when men were men. They didn't wear no earrings.

When I was born, people come to the house and gather round to see if I was makin' an arm. See, my dad was makin' back bread and part of his left forefinger. And those people didn't realize that my dad's makin' arm didn't have nothing to do with grain. I never asked him what happened. Don't know what exactly. But the story I heard was that another man tried to kill him in an argument over a woman.

You could say that was the race of my left hand. When I was a boy, I used to pull a big cross over my fist. I'd use 'em right hand, we'd have to use my left.

I got a brother took a break in the middle of a roll of meat eggs, meatballs, some Spanish rice, and while I heard that suck off the breath of all evil from 'til now. My mom gave me an hour at day. My brothers and me, we said, "Yeah," I said, "You'll see."

When your mom does, that's you.

Had my earnt at twelve years old. Left school in the ninth grade. Learned when I was sixteen. Hard to figure out. I was a mite at a very young age.

Leave up on Marion Luther King's name, and it was really rough. Remember those boys wiped out in Mississippi? There was a problem with a black kid on the farm where my daddy and I worked, the [illegible] farm. The boy had screwed up one of the owners without meaning to, and one of the [illegible] masters took his belt off and beat the child as the field. I didn't think it was right. "Well, if you break [illegible], boy," the older [illegible] teacher said. "I'm gonna take my belt to you." And I told him, "You better keep that belt on or else your pants up. The dog doesn't do nothing." But I had to leave, get on the Dog and head up north. Greyhound. It stayed, there was nothing ahead but bad names.

Mostafit wrong with an no whoopin' every now and then. You take away the one whoopin' and what do you got? You got people wearin' pants below their belly button. I'm tellin' you, you go run three steps and see the crack of a young lady's butt. It's crazy man. They should be locked up for indecent exposure. Look here, don't suspend'em! And a hell! I can't take no b\*\*ches. Nobody knows where the nose goes when the door's closed.

There are places on a man's head that are as hard as a rock. Your head's actually stronger than your body and you don't have no more memory up there world! But you got a lot of rods weaker in that body the liver, the kidneys, the heart, the lungs. You refer that up and see what happens. I lived by the body shut.

## Fridays and Saturdays are holidays for black people!

All's problem was that he knew I wasn't afraid. That's why he was always looking for these little things that would run us off. We did a damn good job of it. Said Call me up. Said I won't respond. Said I was too small. Called me a gorilla. Four am the poster promote the fight in [illegible] Look at me that poster and them book of *Planet of the Apes*. And you tell me what's going on.

I said same things in the past, but the truth is I love to see the [illegible] these days. He says, "We're two [illegible] brothers." But after all that time, there see some things I'll never understand. Why he say, "I saw that greater?" You would never say, "That is a star pattern." You'd say, "That is the pattern." I am there present. Every word I had and about human life I am there.

I wasn't a big guy. People thought the big guys would eat me up. But he was the other way around. I loved to fight bigger guys. Only one big boy I didn't like or fight. That was George. Father George Foreman is like being in the street with an eighteen-wheeler. [illegible] at you.

I don't see any difference in sex drive from the time I was twenty and now. A man ordinarily can have sex anytime. Ain't that right?

I had my Olympic gold medal cut up into eleven pieces. Give 'em all to each of my kids a piece. It's nice together again when they put me down.



# Donald Trump, 57

Photographed at the Trump National Golf Club in Bedminster, New Jersey.  
Donald Trump © 2003 by MICHAEL EDWARDS

The best thing I've ever done? Well, I've instilled four beautiful children. You mean, other than that?

You're true. As a kid, I was making a building with blocks or our play room. I didn't have enough. So I

told my younger brother, Robert, if I could borrow some of his, I used all of my blocks, then all of his blocks, and when it was done, I had a great building, which I then gave to him. Robert never did get those blocks back.

My brother was a builder in Brooklyn and Queens, a very smart businessman who understood life. He taught me to keep my guard up. The world is a pretty vicious place.

My mother was a wonderful woman who was, in many ways, the opposite of my father. Very relationship-oriented, very warm and open and generous to people. So I got different qualities from both. It was a great combination.

My life essentially is one big, fat phone call.

Hold on. Come take this one... *Kennedy, my mom! How you doing?* ...The last poster in my office is a poster of my mom. And every now and then, her hair's fraying. "Yeah, I'm going, definitely, see you!" *Ghah!* ...And you can't get out of it... *Bingo!* You can't get out of that. You can see that one right? This is a easier to withdraw gains. Once in a lifetime! You can't sit through a Broadway show with the Yankees playing the Red Sox in prime seat! Go there, now right? Look, I'll get you a ticket! *Bingo! Kennedy!* Look, even if you sit here and watch it on television, you're not gonna go to a Broadway show... If you change your mind, let me know I love you, darling. This can be good.

That was begin.

The most important things in life are your relationships and your health.

For me, business comes easier than relationships.

You need kids, you need love, you need trust, you need sex, you need lots of different things—all of which are very complex.

The ones I've ever asked the hardest? The job I'm building on the West Side is a \$1 billion to \$1.5 billion job.

**Work hard to take the gamble out of the gamble.**

The work of architecture that's most impressive? That I haven't put up yet? Well, it's a big one of the Empire State Building for a couple of reasons. Number one, I lowered the bid under the building and sold it recently for a tremendous profit. But I also think it's a magical building.

The World Trade Center was never appreciated until its death. Now people realize how great

it was. There are very mixed views on what to do. When you try to build something bigger, it might become a target. What's gonna happen when that space? In another sense, it certainly seems like living longer to do—to build something bigger and better than what was there before. Unfortunately, I don't think what they're building is going to be as good as what was there.

### Going through tough times is a wonderful thing, and everybody should try it. Once.

- I was walking down Fifth Avenue with Marla Maples in 1991. This was at the peak of the bad market. Across the street I saw a man in front of Tiffany with a tax cap. I looked at Marla and said, "You know, right now that man is worth \$800 million more than I am."

- When I sold Xiria in the late '90s, it was a mess. Of course I would have saved a little money if I had.

- I had a lot of friends who were laid off and you never hear from them again. I worked harder than I'd ever worked, getting myself out of it. Now my company is much bigger than it was in the eighties—many times. The Guinness Book of Records gave me first place for the greatest financial comeback of all time.

- Fighting for the last penny is a very good philosophy to have.

- My children have shown me that they are willing to work hard to become successful. That's very important because when children grow up in wealth, you always have doubts.

- I learned a lot from my brother Fred's death; he was a great-looking guy. He had the best personality. I had everything, but he had a problem with alcohol and cigarettes. He knew he had the problem, and it's a tough problem to have. We were ten years older than him, and he would always tell me not to drink or smoke. And so that day I was given a cigarette. I've never had a glass of alcohol. I won't even drink a cup of coffee. You know, stay away from those things because he had such a tremendous problem. Fred did me a great favor. It's one of the reasons fewer people's eyes ever close for fun.

- I've never understood why people don't offer the shortest complaint file they did for the tobacco companies. Altria is a much worse problem than cigarettes.

- If you don't have an understanding of your opponents, there's a great risk to work very well for you.

- I understand people, but I'm better able to understand where the world is going.

- CBO compensation has gone a catastrophic. Some of these guys come into these big, massive, powerful companies, and all of it adds up to making \$400, \$450, \$500 million a year. It's one thing if you create a company and you start from scratch. But some of these companies have been around for a hundred years. You increase the price of a bottle of ketchup by one penny and you look like a genius... It seems ridiculous. The solution? Have the people who own the stock vote on it.

- A last comment from a friend in Louisiana goes without saying: it's difficult to argue. You would think that a less violent dress a church would be absolutely protocol, but it's not. You look at what's going on in the world and you say, boy, God has to be pretty tough.

- He has changed over time that I've noticed. I hope I can say that in fifteen years.

- End, and it is done.

# Jack Welch, 68

Growing up in Salem, Massachusetts, we would play ball in a playground called the Pi-Ho-organization. Men kids got organized, drivers here, drivers there. My grandfather loves a life where stick-hockey and floor o'clock piano lessons. Our parents just send us out the door. When you were small, you nose always the last one packed for the lesson and sent out in right field. The lesson passed, and then you were patient girls in right field. You learned our song as you grew older. You played the horn players and you won.

I was a terrible editor until I was about fifteen. Then I never got any better. But I don't look back. I don't tragic in the fact that my convolution mapped out wrong and it was no dice. I just accept it as what happens. I'm always conscious.

My father worked as a railroad conductor on the commuter line between Boston and Newburyport. What he taught me about working was the other side of management. He taught me that being played with. He didn't know anything about it.

If the Red Sox win, they may not become as interesting. A long-suffering guy like me, who hangs on every pitch... Well, one surprise is a Yankees fan anyway.

### Hate bureaucracy.

Your job is to manager it to carry a winterizing coat in one hand and fertilizer in the other. Pour it over the aspid and watch the seeds grow. Now, you're gonna get some weeds. So you gotta cut the damn things out to capture the garden.

There are walls built out there that you can imagine.

My son John must have been eight or nine when he was sitting on a school bus that stopped for a picking. We were living in a small town at the time. A kid climbed on and went straight for the bus and took a swing. The fight broke up quickly, but John had no idea what was going on. That night at dinner he told us what happened, and I asked about the lad's last name. As soon as he said it, I knew I had asked the lad's dad to leave. GE I felt terrible. Terrible! But I explained everything to John

Former CEO of General Electric, Welch is a proven entrepreneur in New York City.  
PHOTO: ANGEL PARAY



It wasn't him the guy was being asked to leave. I mean really. It wasn't working out, and he was being given a chance to find a new job. I was not being smart.

In fact, I've come to learn that the worst kind of manager is the one who practices like leadership. Tell people, You think you're a nice manager, then you're a bad manager! Well, guess what? You won't be there much longer! You'll be promoted. Or you'll retire. And a new manager will come in and fire the employee and say, "Hey, you're not that good." And all of a sudden, this employee is now fly-by-night or fly-by-fine, with a very flimsy opinion of life. And everyone's gonna tell him, "Go home!" How is that kind? From the outside kind of manager

Nobody was ever surprised he was let go.

During the Korean War, when my wife's divorce lawyers were able to release me through the newspaper to print the resolution contract I'd signed with GE as a retirement golden handcuff! Even though the deal had been published in our paper in '96, it suddenly became "incredible" as I go it back. The whole problem with giving it back is it looks like I did something wrong. I used to speak at

Danversouth, and some of the kids were saying, "Why are you giving a book?" And I said this: "On the end, far greater than a book is a man standing in front of you. I feel better in this disease." But it was staged to give it back. Staged!

You've made a bad deal. The place is blown up. Marriage don't work out. A variety of things don't work. Keep going.

Money, for me, disappeared as a driver in the righties.

- GE was getting \$200 million a year. What should it be? Now, by certain Wall Street standards, over a thirty-five-year career, that's not a hell of a lot of money. All I know is, GE was doing a very good job as a tough revolutionist.

### Love the junior.

- Coddled trailers you have to believe in morality versus how to be a jockey. You see people throwing their kids. You see people go crazy. You see monsters. You see respect.

- If I could, I'd be Tiger Woods.

- Myself, I had very an arrogant idea. But I always am lied in when somebody said this is the same thing with it.

- Money is given when you can give it out. At least it's trying to take risks, because you can't break it. If you're not saving money you can't live it.

- Would senior works that you know when people don't want to see themselves in their own backyard?

- It's in the sense of tests that things get fixed.

- I'll never eat a meal again after the opera. Got always had a box at the Met. It was one over from Toscanini's box, and Toscanini spent a lot of the operas. So I went to Toscanini's box, and I sat there, and I said, "I'm sorry, I'm not Toscanini's box." And I said, "I'm sorry, and I don't know if that's the place that makes an old man good when I looked over to the left, I saw that the CEO of Deutsche was sitting across.

- Deutsche, you! That party!

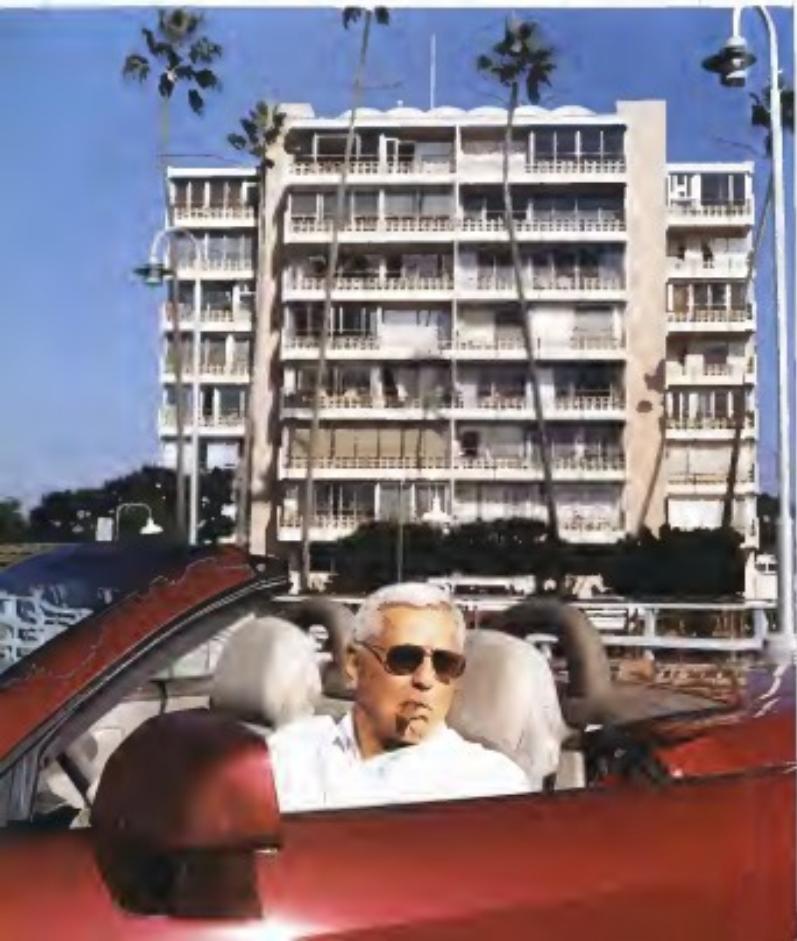
- One of the magic things about putting old—old things are saying—in the language. They don't let you hang him like you could when you were twenty or forty.

- Years flew by over time.

- Every day I do something I love doing. I've always been happy but this just feels like the happiest. I'm crazy in love with Italy. It's two years now, and it's gotten better every day.

- My lifetime all very good to me. And this not easy to be good. I'm a little wild. You know, I had that public divorce. My eldest daughter graduated with honors from Northeast Business School. So it's not so easy.

- When you're comfortable in your own skin, you can do anything. You're not worried about what somebody else has or what you don't have. You like you. Not in the biggest feels way. You just like you.



# Bob Lutz, 71

**GM exec, GM North America, photographed in Newport Beach, California, October 11, 2003.**  
BY DAVID SUFF

- A memory with one finely tooled bearing around in desolation is not a pleasure right.
- I can look at people and, to some extent, tell what type of vehicle they drive.
- My best moment in a car? Recently beat the time I drove.
- My father was a well-known Swiss banker. It was always, "Are Swiss like Americans?" After a long time, I wondered whether it came of education—and the robbery that comes from it—I would ever be able to surpass him. I knew I would never be the most famous personality in the world, but I thought that I might have a chance at being the most famous Bob Lutz. That didn't happen. Because the public used Swiss plates, once along, and my father used to get a lot of recognition based on his son's recent victory. So about five years ago in an interview, I said, "I guess the only thing that will be is that I am the only Bob Lutz who's a fugitive today." Almost immediately I got a stack of letters saying, "What do you mean? I'm Bob Lutz and I live in Norway. And my son Bob Lutz."
- You don't Swish and pat American storage as it stands. I'm whole Swiss and whole American.
- Being able to "check out of the box" presupposes you were able to check in it.
- Often wrong but never in doubt.
- Who would I want to have a martini with? Jack Nicholson. He seems like an extremely complex, multifaceted, highly creative person.
- My first car was a '65 Volkswagen with stainless bodies, estate wagon. No expert. No heater. Twenty-five thousand miles. It was pretty much a disastrous car.
- Boys, I've been taken by used-car dealers. There's an old saying, "Nobody's easier to sell than a woman." Almost every used vehicle I've bought, I've probably radically overpaid because the guy could and I really wanted it.
- I always look for the absurd in situations, especially in working bibles. When I was CEO of GM North America, we were suddenly confronted by that California law that all car batteries have to carry a sticker that says, warning, THIS PRODUCT CONTAINS LEAD, A SUBSTANCE KNOWN TO THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO CAUSE CANCER AND/OR REPRODUCTIVE HARM. Now lead is an inert substance. It doesn't give off fumes or anything. I wasn't weaponizing printing

center from lead, and especially from the lead in a battery, that's stayed over under the hood of a car, so said, Let's add a supplementary label for California only that says, NO WAY FURTHER MAIL CHILDREN TO HELL OR BATTERIES POSSIBLY

- The percentage of drivers remains constant.
- The one thing we know doesn't work is when men get together and say, "Let's do a car for the ladies." A shaved winds up at some terrible event—such as the Toyota race car little kids have in tubes alongside the seats, noise boxes, perfume dispensers, little houses for keeping the handles, and so on. Every time there's been one, it just radiates the wrong.
- There is no such thing in the adult world as fair competition. Fairness is irrelevant.
- Automobiles represent a maturing from choice and of theifiable qualities over status like ownership, licensable rights, and you stick with them at your peril.
- GM drivers are naturally and very politically aware. Hey, as long as the car has wheels. But when the same vehicle costs less than \$100 a year to \$400 a year—what divided public opinion? That's what really triggered the recall.
- The best thing about my job is that because of my age and my background, I'm asked to do only those things that I do particularly well. The only thing anybody expects of me now is to encourage the process of, how do you create a strong new car and truck?
- Good thoughts always come from some unexpected source.
- We're making so much progress in electric vehicles automatically. In five years, only in the name of insurance—and only when we want to—will we actually drive a car. They'll be autonomous transportation pods.
- It may well be that in another hundred years, when you're born, you'll drive a house of your own. Lots of us will have a serious red deer; the deer will go to the spare-parts desk.
- To some extent, sentence deletion writers have been bypassed by reality.
- For most men, sex can stand alone. And that gets us into a lot of trouble.
- Flying a helicopter to work becomes routine. To a degree.
- Parks that help a leader to be more efficient and more productive are hardly parks.
- Even diarrhea is tame given by.
- Deal it! So many people of major intelligence have done it so successfully—it can't be that hard.
- I hope I won't be a cruel disappointment.

# The Best of the Best

With contributions from  
the greatest minds at the publication.

## WORK &amp; MONEY

- If you haven't got a home yet, you aren't pulling your share. —George Steinbrenner

Success means controlling your own life. If you can control over 60 percent of the time in your life, you're really successful. —Rod Stewart

South Central. It's the crsh-in-the-dead-end syndrome. You see the surface, you want to tell everyone else. But you can't really help people until you get into their heads. You can talk down to the others. But if you talk down to a bunch of people you're going up, you'll get pulled back down. —Terri Cole

You have to fight for the last penny. If you don't fight for the last penny, you might lose the last million. —Barney Frank

Aitudism is令人讨厌的. It makes you friends with people for the wrong reasons, just like drugs. —Carrie Fisher

It started off as a talk for a radio station in San Diego in March 1974. They were doing a small advertising campaign with a cartoon character and they asked me to have a go. I did it in a chicken suit and they used my crazy cartoon guy. Nobody at the station wanted to wear the suit, so they decided to go to the company of the San Diego Stars and find someone who would agree to do it. That's where we were, at 10 AM on the Friday before Easter break, with the costume already dressed, just five of us gathered around. Guy was all set and ready to hire somebody to do some work at the station for a week. Said they were paying two dollars an hour. He looks around the room, points at me, and says, "Now, you're the sharpest. You'll fit the costume. You start tomorrow." —Bill Gruenwald, The San Diego Charger

You can't let a guy like me go out and cover as much land as I do. —J.R. Simplot, billion-dollar potato magnate

Behavior is not tested. —Carl Gravely

## SEX

I don't think abstinence makes a girl good or bad. —James Cagney

Be generous in the bedroom—share your knowledge. —Rita Hayworth

**Men: The bigger the better. Do I dare say that?** —HEATHER LOCKLAM

Sex can be much more fun to me anymore, except I naturally sex you enjoy it in a beautiful room better than you do in a dull room. Sex is best in a cocoon. You have to feel worshiped. —Phyllis Hyman

No one gets bad job responses. They never mind. I think the truth is, though, I understand that this might seem a little strange. I mean, most girls do not even know how to give bad jobs. —Pamela Koffler, art columnist, *Ms.* University

## VIRTUE &amp; VICE

I don't gamble because winning a hundred dollars doesn't give me great pleasure. But losing a hundred dollars pains me a lot. —Alice Eve

Moderation is an overrated virtue. —John Kenneth Galbraith

Everything in moderation is okay, except Wild Turkey. —Eric Kandel

The desire to be locked up probably keeps you, but the desire to be left high and dry does. —Kris Kristofferson

There is nothing worse than grilled为代表的。 —Jeff Bridges

I've always been the kind of person who if there's something that can tell me, I want to know something about it. —Roy Chubby

## IN THE SEA

I have sex. We do sex with it. And my husband should go home sex with other people, but he never does. I don't know why. Probably because I talk to him in whatever you tell me, they should do the opposite. The trick is to tell them, they should cheat on you, and then don't have sex with them, either. Then you have a happy marriage. You compromise and just hang out and eat and watch TV. —Anouska

I want a girl just like the girl that Dad kept on the side. —ROBIN THICKE

Women and aging are equally ugly. They have the same terrors—perimenopause, menopause, and vulnerability. They must be spoken to softly—but it doesn't hurt to carry a big stock of tissues. —They Horwitz, *Ringgold & Ray*

It may not be appropriate to judge someone based on a flip of the coin. —Dionne Chris, art columnist, *University of California at Berkeley*

I wish I knew what I know now. I would've gotten far more chicks. —Cathy Fierman, *musicologist, biologist, napper of the human genome*

## RELIGION

As a kid, I thought about becoming a priest. During my last year in high school, I had my mind made up to go into the seminary. It wasn't like there was one moment that following summer when a girl passed and I knew that the seminary would not be a good idea. Actually, there was a lot of moments like that. —Andy Gilligan

There's more hypocrisy in church than anywhere else. —Eve Ensler

I thank God daily to speak to me because I am so fortunate and he knows that I would be dead enough to actually try. —Al Green

After a few days in the hospital, I was thinking, Oh, god—I was raised in a church. Protestant upbringing, which I still regard as such. I'm lying in the bed thinking, Where would I need to pray? The people say there are no atheists in foxholes, and I thought, Now, I am an atheist and I need to pray... and I thought, *Mphah!* I wouldn't respect my God who would listen to me after I'd rejected him so callously. —Chuck Close, artist (what also prompted

Rolling Stone) has caused more harm than one other idea since the beginning of time. There's nothing good I can say about it. People use it as a crutch. —Larry Price

**Being a Buddhist won't keep you from slumming, but it'll sure as hell keep you from enjoying it.** —JIMMY DEAN

Maybe when you die, you come before a big, bearded man on a big horse, and you say, "I did that last year," and he says, "You're right! You just came from there." —Kirk Douglas

## POLITICS &amp; POWER

We live in the age of mediocrity and instant. —Joseph Stiglitz

I continue to try to live up to the standard of use of my brain, Harry Hill, who perhaps comes as close to the ideal of perfect ridiculousness as the ridiculousness of human nature will allow. —Phil Specter

As a human being, I was sorry for September 11. As a political person, I thought, "Thank God that they killed thousands of people other than the president." —Edward Zwick, *historian, Author of the *H*-Hour*

If they think we got an edge, we got an edge. —Ed Asner

There are some issues that have press release—shortcuts to our hearts, but I do believe that 90 percent of the world's problems are black-and-white. —Bill Clinton

I closely monitored well-known Ital Classico with passionism and make the following judgment: that it was a great wine. —John McGinn

I am sure Hitler was great with his family. —George Gershwin

## STILL MORE S&amp;H

Read the *Wall Street Journal* with rose-colored glasses. They're certainly more interesting than, for example, *USA Today*. —Mark Koenigs, art columnist, *University of California at Berkeley*

Sex is emotional. It's connection, it's intimacy. It's looking into somebody's soul. It's naked in every sense of the word. It's the bottom line in the world. —Peter Dinklage

We're all past a point. That's all we are, and everything else is just elaborate presentation of our contexts. That's where

we're coming from. And romantic poetry. And bad novels. Sometimes when I finish a bad novel, I say, "You wrote seven hundred pages just to say that?" Couldn't punch the post and, "I went to fuck?" —Eric Clapton

Sex is the most complicated sort of circumstances that we're good. Everything else is much simpler. —Arthur Miller

## RANDOM KNOWLEDGE

Yo gotta be ready for the fastball. —Tod Williams

One day you wake up and you're old as shit. —Chuck Austin, game-show host

All you got to do is say two words and I know it'll work. —Rey Jones Jr., pro wrestler

Internet great foremen takes too long. —Robert Klein

I love beans. Beans in New York, beanless beans in New York could run a grocery chain in Los Angeles. —Larry King

America ate rice people, but they have a lot of shucks. —Don Rickles

There are lots of shade Yiddish. —Gene Simmons

**I started boxing for exercise, and on the very first day, the trainer got in the ring with me and said, "Whoever controls the breathing in the ring controls the fight."** —SATYR SHAWING

Exercise is pushing every from the table. —David Byrne, concert producer

I'm not a minimalist, but I always take a cold shower in the morning. It's a great beginning of the day, because nothing can be worse afterward. —Ronen Peretz

For supreme happiness, it's man to touch one of his grand goals. —Gordie Howe

A lot of guys go, "Huh, they say a Sagittarius." I tell 'em, "I don't know any." They want me to make it up. I don't make 'em up. I know it's even less when I say it. They're the truth. And it's the truth. I don't know. —Tom Araya

You can feel when people are pressin' you. You can feel the real. —The Notorious

There is no contradiction between a soft heart and a hard head. —Robert McNamee

If you're embarking around the world in a hot-air balloon, don't forget the toilet paper. Once, we had to wait for incoming food. —Robert Brown, mogul

In a hundred years' time, we'll be slightly yellowed. —George Martin, music producer, *Beatles*

I like it when watermelons are hard. And we done yet? —Robert De Niro

## NEWYEAR'S REVOLUTION

With resolutions for next year offing up like firewood, the dawn of 2004 brings with it a chance to make good on one promise you can actually keep: updating your wardrobe. As proof, Esquire let loose on three writers with a couple of spring's best clothing purchases and watched the transformations take place from the off-the-rack.

PORTRAITS BY MICHAEL EDWARDS

**Darin Strauss, 33**  
LAST OF TWO ROUNDS CHANG  
AND KING AND THE DEAL W/CDP

"I was not a planner; never have been. Whether I was getting my hair done, shopping for the perfect ensemble, and connecting with a man who spoke in an uncharmingly Rapunzel accent and wore no undershirt. And then, lo and behold, I was made over! I had the best alias: a winter coat (which I stripped after, poof, and packed). My life had changed, forever and ever. Would I ever win the Pulitzer my next time out... or, more likely, the Nobel? But who, exactly, does that stuff (anyways)? They took the seat away at the end of the show. How could I sleep back to my prior existence after having found wisdom and a new belief? Eh, how been ruined. Thanks, Esquire."

FOR THE DEAL-CLOSING LUNCH  
OPTION ONE

Sateen-finish single-breasted wool suit (Selling Trend Collection) by Gucci; shirt by Blue Note (found by Paul Smith); leather shoes (during) by Johnston & Murphy; leather belt (day) by Neiman Marcus

## FOR THE DEAL-CLOSING LUNCH OPTION TWO



Graphic belt cinches in at the waist of a dress-down suit during the week or with slimming trousers on the weekend. Summer shirts (day) by  
Emerson Eggers

With light-colored trousers and suit with front points has a slimming effect and more breathing room year-round. The shirt and pants were (\$195) by  
Pedro & Gómez

NEW-YORK'S EVOLUTION



**Joe D'Angelo, 31**  
[WRITER; MTV NEWS AND  
MTVNEWS.COM]

FOR A DOWNTOWN SITE (OPTION ONE)

leather jacket (sport by Bernhard Cahn New York); striped front cotton chinos by Stein (sport by Orson Mens Collection); cotton 1-stitch (sport by Cat Cora's Denim Jeans); leather cotton jeans (sport by Levi's); leather Chuck Taylor High-tops (sport by Converse).

FOR A DOWNTOWN SITE  
OPTION TWO:



Бюджетна-депутатська  
політика в Україні: проблеми  
важливості, сучасні тенденції  
та виклики змін в Україні

A pair of high-sop  
ers not just for the  
baseball team  
Lester Highs top  
Brazil Big Piney bunch

## NEW YEAR'S REVOLUTION



**John August, 33**

(SCREENWRITER OF *DD CHARLIE S. ANGELS* AND *BIG FISH* IN THEATERS THIS MONTH)

"I've always believed a screenwriter should be the most dressed-down person in the room. It makes everyone else more comfortable that plugging in a movie (*Big Fish*, in the case this holidays season) is not always comfortable. I did, however, cover the jacket I was given for *Das Boot*. It was my favorite article of clothing, and they let me keep it. So I guess you could say that's what took away from the dress. That and the realization that no matter how many people we have casting over us, in the end, we all dress alone."

FOR SATURDAY AFTERNOON  
(OPTION ONE)

Two-button single-breasted wool parker coat or suit (\$495) *Polo by Ralph Lauren*; zip-front cotton sweater (day) by *Woolmark*; cotton shirt (\$125) by *Perry Ellis*; cotton corduroy pants (\$149) by *Roxane Republic*; suede shoes (\$149) by *Cochi*; leather belt (\$95) by *Trend Corso*.

FOR SATURDAY AFTERNOON  
(OPTION TWO)

Suede accents make her an easy-to-clean stool, and show that the weekend doesn't mean you forget how to prepare dinner. *Lulu's* Suede Laundry Stool (\$449) by *John Labbe*.

Staying at cooler than 60° means that jeans are terrible conductors. So instead, consider this Conducting paint (By 6) Polo by Ralph Lauren.

## NEW YEAR'S REVOLUTION

**[ BEHIND THE SCENES ]** Before they donned their new threads, each of our seriously scrubbed models hit grooming and a proper fitting. With the rat was a close shave, a quick trim of the hair, or finding a pocket that hung just right, each writer did all that dirty work that goes unnoticed when they look this good. Here, their tools of transformation.



**[ DARIK ]**  
Along-holiday other shave  
rider (top): Blue-shave  
shaving gel (left) by Michel  
Garnier for oily skin  
(right) by L'Or Series for  
Men; men's face wash  
kiss-in-the-darkness and  
conditioner (left) by Peter  
Ralph Lauren Blue Heaven  
in-conditioner and styling  
agent (right) by John Aarøs



**[ JOE ]**  
Herbal shaving gel (left) by Jun  
iperwood; men's shave  
balm by Doris; men's hair  
gel (far left); peppermint  
shampoo (far left) by  
Shiseido; grapefruit-enriched hair  
the kerri (right) by Aromis



**[ JOHN ]**  
Alcohol-free herbal toner (left)  
by Kiehl's; women's enriched  
face wash (center) is D&G by  
Dolce & Gabbana; men's  
cleaning day lotion (far left) by  
Anthony Logistics for Men; per-  
fuming close-shave cream (far  
left) by Gillette; Men's all-over  
wash (far right) by  
Burling Gate Works





# catching dog

Toles  
from the  
front lines  
of the war  
between  
pets and  
the peo-  
ple who  
love them

By TOM  
JUNOD

# It's

not always cats and dogs. It's also crows and hawks and rascals and fighting roosters. It's also possums and skunks and snapping turtles. A good back scratch, a surgical snip. It's a snapping turtle at the free hospital of New York City—and Israel Tarsis gets it all. He also gets calls for bats and raccoons when people think they're acting fancy. How people know where's funny in a raccoon or a bat he doesn't know, but they do. Last year, there were twenty-eight confirmed cases of rabies in New York—sixteen raccoons, six bats, four skunks, and two others—and most of them came to the attention of the Center for Animal Care and Control with a phone call. They phoned him at his call-a-day at Animal Control. All through the day, real or through the night about every kind of animal in every kind of fix. An iguana got its leg on a telephone pole. A dooley on Staten Island. A cow in Brooklyn belonging to a Hindu priest. Goats in Queens for purposes presumed to be integral to the goat's well-being. Sparrows stuck in a freshly turned road. Animal Control is not really supposed to have anything to do with wildlife, but who's the end animal is, Israel goes. Who else is he supposed to help? People get very upset about animals, and when it comes right down to it, the thing is Animal Control offices have to control us, not animals. No people. Humans. Those humans. All he has to do is animals in them is a cage. People, it's a whole different story.

Mostly the calls we get are just doggy, because it's their natural to be the animals humans love most. The problem is that human loves a little, others don't. The dealer with the pit bull goes to pit. A feline is neutered. Another moves to Florida. Either way, the animal gets left behind. And that's just it, the number one item on Israel's priority list. The first is safety, because nobody should start acting as an animal sufferer. A cat has been hit by a car, a dog runs through a street, there where Israel goes. People think he has first priority ought to dogs perceived as threatening, but perceptions can't be trusted, and a lot of people disregard them. They have their neighbor they hate their neighbor's dog and try to use Animal Control to settle the score. So he'll have to take those calls with a grain of salt. A barking dog isn't even his problem. Animal Control is under the authority of the New York City Health Department. A barking dog is considered an environmental problem—noise pollution—to fit the environmentalists. As far dogs on the rampage, Call it! The Emergency Service Unit of the Police Department will probably get there before Israel can and track it. And if an animal dies before Israel's arrival, he leaves it behind. He uses his firehose like the spray in his van. Sanitation takes off. Of course, there are more instances to that than that all the various city agencies collaborate. A few years ago, an old lady riding over of steps and died. Or he couldn't say. That's a common problem, but that old lady, she was taking care of short-hair dogs and seven cats.以色列 closed down the block, and Israel had to go into the house in case of those white environmental-hazard suits with the mask. But that's not the worst one. The least one was another old lady he died, but nobody knew it for about those weeks, and she had fifteen little black turtles. Who made it so bad? "They got hungry," Israel says.



**ISRAEL makes a stop.** "As long as I have my pole and I can find a chair," he says. "I can catch a very difficult."

**T**here are at least a million dogs and cats in New York City. There are fourteen breeds. Which is to say that there are fourteen drivers at Animal Control. Israel is driver. That's what he calls himself, and that's what he does. He likes the freedom of being on the road. It's part him and the when Israel was with the Animal Control logo on the radio and the other flashing light up top and the cage outside, TV's just him and his radio and his doghouse radio and his wits and his experience. Israel has been a driver for fifteen years, so he doesn't need a lot of aquaintance, which is a good thing, because he doesn't get very much. What he goes to work with every day is an iPhone, a lot of rubber gloves, a couple of spray bottles of rodenticide. An otherwise normal creature. A first-aid kit. A flashlight. A little plastic bottle of Skunk Off. A tape that works on a porch or a nose. A noise at the end of a long pole, and a baneated parking permit, which he needs because, officially, he doesn't work for the city—he works for a subcontractor to the city. He has to wear shiny orange getting tickets, parking and otherwise. He doesn't have a lot of power, when you consider right down to it, of the fewest drivers in the employ of Animal Control. Israel is the only police officer—the only one with a badge hanging from his neck, the only one authorized to write summonses when he sees a violation of the law. But that doesn't mean he carries a gun, and that doesn't mean maybe he's to him. "You know what people do when you write a summon?" he says. "They walk away." Israel stands there, and all these people start gathering around, and then the guy walks away. And you can see nothing. You gonna run after them? Everybody starts laughing at you. It's embarrassing. You look like a total fool.

In whatever authority Israel has, Israel has to earn it. He goes to an abandoned supermarket to extract a pit bull that hasn't eaten in a week. He can always call the cops, and they'll let the poor beast with a tranquilizer, but as a rule, he doesn't. "I figure that's all I have my pole and I can't handle my animal."

And he has. He's been bitten only three times in his entire career as a driver for Animal Control, and once was by a big white pit he thought was tranquillized. "I stepped over him and he reached up and got my ear!" Israel knows a driver who has himself to a pitbull. He thought he'd close the door, shut the hounds, and then there was just the door and the driver in the room, and the driver's leg was broken. He never came back to work, which is the outcome Israel fears most: "A lot of guys, they're just passing through on the job. They're not used to a trapping scene for something like that. But not me. I'm an animal-control officer. I have to be the tool. That's what."

Israel is thirty-five years old. He lives in East New York, Brooklyn, with his wife, his son and stepson, and a cat he adopted from the ASPCA. He doesn't sleep for five days. He works a lot of overtime. He's not tall, but he's wide, both straight on and profile, and powerful. He wears his like Clemens or The Godfather. The thing he loves more than anything else is having to go to the projects and get a dog off the road, number one because the dogs can be dangerous and number two because he'd rather not deal with neighborhood dogs after climbing seven flights of stairs. He has early morning going sprees in the front, and a garage. He has a second level and a round roof, and his long-lashed eyes are golden, with a soft, animal-like the eyes he sometimes sees in his come-dogs he wants to save.

His first rule on the job: no confrontation. If the owner is confrontational, Israel lesson, figuring he can always come back. He has to be successful in a paradox, because a lot of people who don't care about their animals suddenly care when their animals are in cages, because, as Israel says, "All people think we do is kill, kill, kill," and because a fair percentage of the people he deals with, like, like. One soldier died in August, for example, Israel is about two hours from his shift when the dispatcher squawks in a call for an injured dog on Willoughby Avenue in Brooklyn. "What's the dog's breed?" Israel asks. "There is no collar," the dispatcher answers. "Bad dog," Israel says. The second he pulls up to the Willoughby Avenue address, he has the case cracked. This isn't a bad dog; this a dog someone has gotten sick of. He goes inside and throws his rope across the neck of a scrubby, feeble mutt, slaps spray, also-rubbed, with a curved tail. "I thought you said this dog can't move," Israel says to the woman standing in the doorway. "I said he won't move," the woman says. "I try keeping him home, he won't go."

Israel takes the dog outside and opens up the side door of the van. "Hey, that's Sherry," says a man walking by. He's wearing navy-blue shorts and a navy-blue t-shirt, and he's got a mustache. He's Latino. His name is Ernest. "What's Sherry do?"

"Sherry loves this dog," Israel says. "That's what an animal is." Sherry lies there, Ernest says. Then, to another man walking down the sidewalk, he says, "Hey, man, look what they doing to Sherry."

The man is short and lean, muscular and glistening with sweat, with sunglasses pushed back on a shaved head. He's wearing a white t-shirt, and his blue jeans are rolled up to his knees. He looks at Sherry and says, "That's Sherry? What's Sherry do?" He lowers his sunglasses over his eyes and says to Israel, "Why didn't you let him go? You let him go, I'll take him."

"I can't let him go," Israel says. "If you want him, you can adopt him at the center."

"I thought you was down with all that Animal Plan stuff," the man says to Israel. "We working that the no-killing-pets plan."

Rocco has another paradox. "Look, they calling Sherry?" and Israel looks down the van with Sherry inside and puts the last bar of their Take number two Anytime anyone comprehends him to be the motherfucking pit bull, that's his cue to leave. So now he drives down the block and pulls over to the curb to do paperwork on Sherry and to look at the big map of Brooklyn. The next call is for a pit bull and up on a roof down, Israel goes to the roof and finds a ferocious pit bull with sagging pink testes and a torn ear polished with blood. It's gold with prominent green eyes, and the ears is sharp claws curving it to a fence. Whether he's had it on the roof since it, and now a crowd of little boys has gathered around to look at it. The pit bull hasn't shown no reaction, and when Israel disconnects the chain and keeps his own leash strung, it looks follows him steadily to the van. The boy follows, too, and when Israel opens the hatch, one of the boys goes inside. "Lookin', a cat," he says. "Mine, they gonna fuck that cat up."

Or he's abandoned dog on Herred Street, reported by a grinning middle-aged man with a dapper mustache and slicked hair that says in a voice in his green letters, "He's here!" and starts speaking in smug Spanish. He has shiny hair, long hair, he says. She called to Puerto Rico and left him behind. The grinning man says that he has been feeling the dog, trying to do the right thing, but now he has to remove the house, and he can't find it forever. "Don't know how to do it," he says to Israel in English.

Israel doesn't know how to do it. "Let me see the dog," he says to the man, and follows him through the partitioned building. Through the broken back window he sees a lousy straying dog with the contours of a deranged sheepdog but a canine snout cut saluted with pale remnants of shedding fur. In the backyard is a white doghouse with a blue mat, and the doghouse in the back-porch legend acquire sun tan, owner's name written on it. Israel leans over the windowsill and邵飞, panting around on a floor of broken glass, leaps at him.

"It's time to surrender a dog and \$500 to surrender for euthanization," Israel says when he turns around, set for the next time the man comes panting.

"Lady across the way says call Animal Control, take the dog no questions asked," the man says.

"That's if the dog is abandoned or stray," Israel says. "This is someone's dog."

"Lady across the way say took her two dogs for nothing."

"I don't care what the lady across the way says. That's not her dog. What your state to law now to Puerto Rico?"

"She leave a week ago."

"She tell your state what that pony ride cost it?"

The man's face is tinted brown, but there's blushing to his eyes. "I promise her."

"Then you gotta pay."

"Listen," the man says. "I try to do the right thing. The lady across the way says to call Animal Control, so I call Animal Control. You don't have to, but I can't eat at the neighborhood restaurant and let her go. That's how it is."

Israel sighs. "All right, I'll take her. But you have to surrender her for euthanization. Are you ready to have this dog euthanized?"

The man's grin of a back longitude. Five minutes later, Israel and邵飞 come walking down a sidewalk crowded with the renovation crew and the people who have been hanging out on the snap new deck finally is strutting around the house, and someone yells, "Let him go!" Which turns into a chorus: "Let him go! Let him go! Let him go!" Israel goes to the side door of the van, and邵飞 jumps out from the renovation crew perched inside a cage in the starting green eyes of the female pit. "That's a pit. Oh, man—and a girl dog, too. Look at her. I do believe that was my dog. I fixed her by myself. I'll stand by this dog." "There's a black guy from the street appears next to him, a boy in a Pittsburgh Pirates cap. "What the fuck you calling shout, motherfucker? You stand by that dog? You [joined in on page 115]

# 5

The Five-Minute Guide to...

# MARS

**ON AND ON IT ST. 21, 26493.** When driven with thirty-five million miles of Earth, 1997's Opportunity rovers determine that the mission is actually once around the planet, giving them a chance to explore the inner solar system. It will give us a chance to plan—and dream big on it—on Europe and help American spaceflight compete with its European brethren. Launched five years ago, it will reach Mars this winter. Their mission: examine the red atmosphere, do a little prospecting, and, of course, keep a lookout for aliens.

—MARK BATTISTON

## THE RACE TO MARS: A TIMELINE

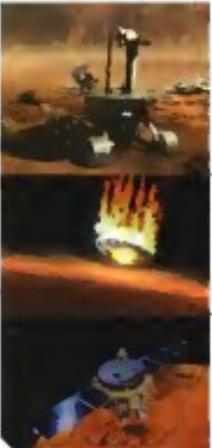


► **Mythological Mars** Mars was the Roman god of war (red) and the father of Romulus and Remus, who founded Rome. Known as Ares to the Greeks, he was an archetypal神祇 who sided with the Trojans. Mars's moons, Deimos (fear) and Phobos (fear), are named after the god's themes.

**1965:** The U.S. Mariner 4 conducted the first Mars flyby, taking pictures with a four-track tape recorder (success).

**1971:** The Soviet Mars 3 is the first probe to land successfully on the Martian surface. Moscow later claims it lands softly, though communications are lost after two minutes and 20 seconds (success).

**1976:** NASA's Viking I touches down on the surface and begins the first prolonged telecommunications after two minutes and 20 seconds (success).



## ► The Current Missions

**AGENCY:** NASA  
**VESSELS:** The Spirit and Opportunity twin rovers (each weighing 170 kg); each carries a laser spectrometer  
**COST:** \$800 million (estimated)

**MISSION:** After a seven-month delay, NASA launched the Spirit and Opportunity on two license-built rovers this past summer. When they hit the martian atmosphere, the craft will parachute onto equatorial sites of the planet and invasive bags will search for geological evidence of liquid water. The bags, which are the size of small cars, can burrow deeper than the one-on-Mars rovers have: do so, it will collect a robotic arm and use spectrometers. They will function for only a few months, until dust covers their solar panels.

**AGENCY:** European Space Agency  
**VEHICLE:** Mars Express orbiter, with the Beagle 2 probe attached  
**COST:** \$250 million

**ARRIVED:** December 24, 2003

**MISSION:** The British built probe, the Beagle 2, named after Charles Darwin's ship, is set to detach from the orbit-contracted express since it has transmitter. After parachuting to the surface, the probe will analyze soil and rocks, take panoramic photos, and deposit a message to Earth to let the scientific community know it's found what it's looking for. Then it will decompose. No one is too sure exactly where Beagle 2 landed on the red planet, but it's likely to be in one of the gullies of Meridiani. Meanwhile, the Express will continue to orbit at least two Earth-years.

**AGENCY:** Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency  
**VEHICLE:** MRO (Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter)  
**COST:** \$580 million

**ARRIVED:** January 2004

**MISSION:** In addition to gather data on the magnetosphere, but most assume the probe will not be operational by the time it reaches Mars. The craft suffered a thruster problem long ago, so it's been stuck in orbit ever since. But it's still useful. By the end of the year, the Japanese National Space Development Agency will have an orbital platform to conduct research. Europa's frozen ocean below may be suitable for life. Mars is redundant in the same sense. If Mars fails, if the craft can't be used to colonize, why not colonizing the celestial surface?

**1988-89:** The Soviet Union's Mars 96 is the first probe to fail on its way to Mars. The probe never reaches the red planet. The first-level boosters fail, and then they're unable to separate. Mars 96's cameras don't work, and the probe's scientific instruments don't respond to commands. The probe's solar panels are deployed, but the probe's systems are not.

**1992:** India's Mars 5 is launched by the Indian Space Research Organization. The probe fails to reach Mars because it lost power before it entered Mars' orbit.

**1997:** NASA's Mars Global Surveyor is built by Lockheed Martin. The probe's cameras don't work, and the probe's scientific instruments don't respond to commands. The probe's solar panels are deployed, but the probe's systems are not.

**1999:** NASA's Mars Climate Orbiter is built by Lockheed Martin. The probe's cameras don't work, and the probe's scientific instruments don't respond to commands. The probe's solar panels are deployed, but the probe's systems are not.

**2002:** On July 4, the Mars Exploration Rover Spirit lands on Mars. It takes a few days to get to Mars, and the probe's cameras don't work. The probe's scientific instruments don't respond to commands. The probe's solar panels are deployed, but the probe's systems are not.



## Martians: A Quiz »

1. Who did the Air Force Academy offer a prize to the first person to fly any plane beyond Mars?  
A) 1950 B) 1960 C) 1990 D) 1995 Tuesday
2. Which of the following was interpreted by some as a 1996 NASA pressuring event?  
A) The claim that microbial evidence of life was found on an asteroid?  
B) The release of a photograph of a mountain-like rock formation called "Intelligent Design"?  
C) The disclosure that NASA would land a team on Mars by 2001?
3. True or False: There have been several good science movies and television shows.  
A) True B) False



## ► Welcome to Mars! A new visitors' guide

Okay, it's an alien world, but it's not Mars. At least you're not swimming right now, so it's time to stretch your legs. Because the atmosphere is 96 percent carbon dioxide, you'll need to use a massive air tank on your back, back, back, though. You've had a decent meal, though.

Since you've landed close to the equator, daytime temperatures hover around a comfortable 70 degrees, but dust everywhere, and millions of sand-sized particles in the air mean distance you can see may be limited, and create new tides as long and four times as deep as the Grand Canyon. Temperatures are rated well above freezing, though.

What's that following over its massive peak? It's not a real surface. But you're hoping not to encounter one solo. You have only one course of action. Grab your equipment and hunker down in your spacesuit. For what could be around.



## Q & A

With Carl Sagan, former director of the Planetary Science Institute, and professor of planetary science at Cornell University

**ESO:** What's the likelihood of finding life on Mars?  
**PS:** Given the number of potential habitats on Mars, the probability of finding life there is probably quite high. However, given the lack of oxygen and the presence of sulfuric acid in the soil, it's unlikely that there is life there.

**ESO:** This is a bumper.

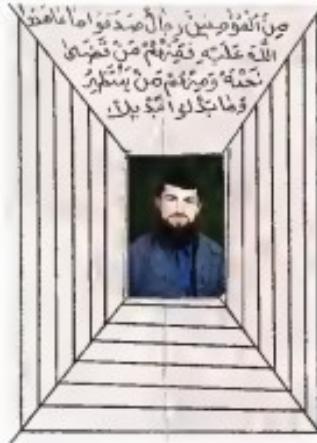
**PS:** We're using rovers called Rovers in Mars to search for signs of life. The rovers are designed to look for signs of life.

**ESO:** Do you think humans will ever live on Mars?

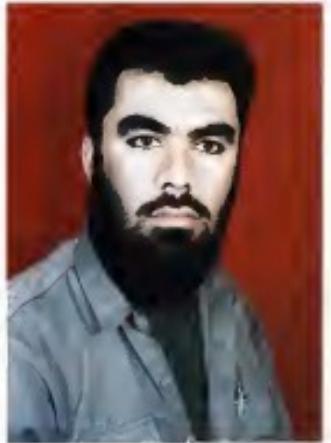
**PS:** Eventually, it will happen. And it's not far off. If we do something like that, we should expect that there will be a lot of benefits, and it will be a great place to live. The technology is there today, the only thing holding us back is the money.

# The Enemy, as He Sees Himself

There are two groups in Iraq who continue to inflict American casualties—the holdovers from Saddam Hussein's regime and the men on these pages. Here, from an Iraqi evidence room, the startling faces of the killers of Ansor al-Islam and Iraq's mujahideen.



Most of the photographs are heavily redacted with personal information. This one reads: "House Abu Alaa with Rayan. His daughter, Rayan, my love. From the bottom there are some who have been injured for the sake of God, and some who insulted, beat, and killed them."



The writing on the back of this picture reads: "Mrs. Abu Bakr." In English and Arabic, with the date 1978.

BY C.J. CHIVERS

A scudding warplane in the mountains over Iraq. Their engines are wide and upreeling. Their passengers—interior and youthfully gay, a shaved-bearded or depressed. The image is panned, then worked up. The first capture reads, "Abu Bakr and Nasir." The second, "They killed both of them." > It is a cleft from the front, row of scores of photographs taken from bomb-shattered floors, floors in sprawling villages, blood from the dead. They were gathered last spring by Iraqis from memory in northwestern Iraq held by Ansor al-Islam, a terrorist group with ties to Al Qaeda, immediately after the American Special Forces and Kurdish fighters chased Ansor from its bases. A few days later, a Kurdish intelligence official shared dozens of them with a colleague and ran a similar series of intelligence—correspondence on utilized landmarks, coordinates for terrorist lairs, maps, radio station broadcasts, a bomb maker's step-by-step guide—the snapshots offer startlingly offhand glimpses into a shadowed world. Look, they seem to say, the impossibles, seen through their own eyes at work, at play, at rest. > Iraq: Kurdistan is a region of breathtaking beauty of snowcapped peaks, of streams that swell and thunder during spring thaws, of emerald-set aglow by whitening shafts of light. The snapshots form a



لهم انت السلام السلام السلام السلام السلام السلام السلام



**1** Mujahideen Islamic Movement Ansar al-Islam (based in  
Turkey) (also known as  
"First Islamic Republic") Ansar al-Islam, Sezaihanli Brus  
Khalid Mohammed (jihadist); Group of Islam  
Barham Salouf of Syria  
Abdullah Polat of Turkey at-seas; Group of Islam  
Khalid Sabri (jihadist)  
Khalid Yousef (Leader); Group (jihadist)  
Khalid Sharif Group of Islam  
Khalid Sharif Group of Islam



party. Remond became a Karabagh Asker and Remond spent one year fighting. Remond's mother relatives (and) friend Nishan, who had been arrested in connection with Deacon Jim Ludden, now has refugee status in Armenia, where his expulsion to Germany remains pending. Remond's wife, a former member of the Armenian Special Army, recently gave birth to a healthy son. Remond, although he is not currently involved in the cause militiamen for an Armenian vehicle hunting, for CDR and Special Police officers, later a clandestine National Council. His death coincided with the attack on Karabagh referendum members of the Karabagh party, whose one thousand signatures were officially rejected before the last



itation image of war launched from a protected place. Some are universal. Poor men pass with guns, passes in self-consciousness as awaiting battle in the American Civil War cities, of muck-splattered from armor battleships, reflect the hellish traps from Woolly Allen's *Janissary*. One set of pictures is by Mihály Kertész, Allen's former mentor: Hassan Abubakar, decked out during his kind of gay dragrace in a failed port. The old, loved in "Bring me low," seems a drowsy import with Millicent Meade.

The collection evokes the depth of terrorist's rooms, having at the hand-drops in a region where militant Islam is resurgent. Handwriting appears as inscriptions, infil of death, delivered from unspecified hands. A present tense is graft.

One snapshot captures two teenagers standing alone and seemingly formal. During of fuzz above their lips beta their seriousness, they have just left school. Handwritten tells us one of them,



**8** This gives me a name for Jameson! His real name is Silvius! He is from Borne from the Sunn-Gate group."



**8** "And this song is Ali Ismail. His original name is Hassan. He is from Arbil. From the army of Mosul, he has fought in Bashiqa. This is from Ibrahim Al-Maliki Barzani and Nigga."



© In Arabic: "In the name of Allah, the most generous, the most merciful. Name: Samsudin Hamzah Hulusi Qadri - 1998. On the day of Printing." In Burmese: "This picture was taken in Myanmar."



THE REPUBLIC CANADA

Burton, has become a saint; the loss has lifted his father with one new and rage: "His father each left himself," the captain recites. "He became an Amite like this." The boy on the right in the photograph is his son, in a Gauze. All Mauds, who defecated before the war in a Kinsford pub, Ovens told me of his kennel training course: "I can't say I'm a success," he said, "but I've had a few successes, and I hope to have more." He has a dog, a cocker spaniel, who had stopped wagging his tail with explosive-laden urine. "When they share you this," he said, "it will increase your enthusiasm, and it will encourage you to do the same."

The photographs underscore the puzzle faced by those trying to track down insurgents. How would you find the men in these pictures? And are they all terrorists? Or are some guerrillas, others friends? Before the war, Ammar was thought to be held roughly 600 men, including about 100 former Taliban fighters. American officials say fresh intelligence indicates the group may now

been a thousand strong. A majority survived. Remnants are suspected of continuing to fight in coalition cause with survivors of Saddam Hussein's Baath regime.

Saddam's loyalists also left them as they shed uniforms for the partisan life. At a Republican Guard training academy in Tikrit, the floor was covered with officer portraits the day after the city fell. The men in these portraits gaze out of the past, uniform in crisp olive dress, with epaulettes and bared chest staves, gathered to a government that is no more.

No one here seems the sort who would put such weapons because a politician in Washington had a will to win. How long will the fight last? In a memo made public in October, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld wrote, "It will be a long hard slog."

"With respect to Azmar al-Adham," he wrote, "we are just getting started." 14

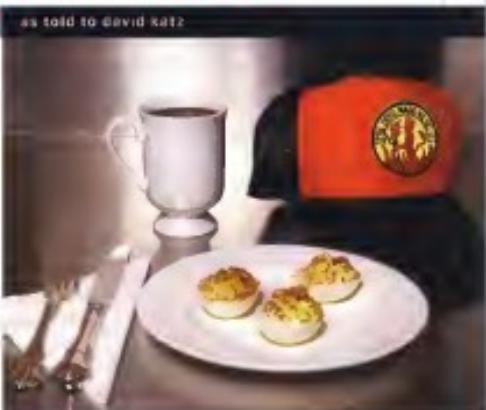




## What I've Learned: Satan

(This Way Out)

as told to David Katz



- I prefer Mephistopheles. God calls me Satan.
- These days, a lot of people overestimate what they can get for their souls. Frankly, it's a buyer's market.
- I'm not gonna lie to you. Heaven is a nice place. All the happy music just makes me crap.
- Fine air through a David Arquette nose, then talk to me about eternal suffering.
- I generally tell people to bring lots of handi-wipes, a good pair of sunglasses, and plenty of SPF 45.
- When you're in hell, you have a horrible internal thirst that can never, ever be quenched—but a cold, crisp Budweiser comes close.
- I used to try to cover my rooms with a bar. I look back at me patient and it's like, what was I thinking?
- Please, I don't even own that pencil-neck sweater!
- I see you're working on a Mac laptop. Myself, I'm a Windows guy. 100 percent.
- Clean while you cook. I can't stress that enough.
- Have you heard the expression "Hell is other people"? It's true, especially if the other people are French.
- The most evil person ever? Michael. Good question, good question. How'd God know that one?
- If you're just talking about the numbers, then, of course, Hitler. But start looking at the intangibles and Courtney Love emerges as a real considerer.
- If you think I'm bad, you should meet my agent.
- Christianity is all about tolerance and sharing and bags. Then the devil workshops show up, and it's like, "Check, please!" I can't stand that kind of hypocrisy.
- God's an easy mark to love but a hard guy to live with.
- At least down here you can still smile in hell.
- You spend millions of coins calibrating screens for and looking—really looking—at your cash, you know? Then some cogito at Qigley thinks it would be real clever to use his big devil to sell his son a diamond. Puff! There goes your credibility. As an entity, that can be devastating.

- I'm not taking all the credit, but honestly, can you name a better party snack than the devil's egg?
- I don't know if I'd use the term "role model," but yeah, Mike Ehrner is someone I look up to.
- With the number of goldfish we have down here, you'd think we'd have a better average.
- I don't care who he does more, I am not subtiring Mike Tyson. That dude is twisted.
- I hang a WELCOME TO THE HELL banner down here every day for forty years. Eventually I just give up.
- Where you're the devil, women instantly suspect your motives. Also, Asian restaurants because you want everything "extra spicy."
- Truthfully, I can't tell you exactly why it didn't work out between me and Christine Aguilera. I will say this, though: There's a statue, and then there's just plain deity. Seriously, though, where the hell is levitation?
- Take it from a guy who spends a lot of time hovering around people's ears, every birdship is a huge problem.
- You think we've got it all figured out until then Christian rock comes along and messes with the boundaries.
- I wouldn't mind seeing Celtic Thunder play me.
- That whole "solo bands" thing really irks me. I mean, what's so fucking lonely about—what staff doesn't just happen by itself?
- You're damned if you do and damned if you don't. ■

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